New Statesman

The Week-end Review

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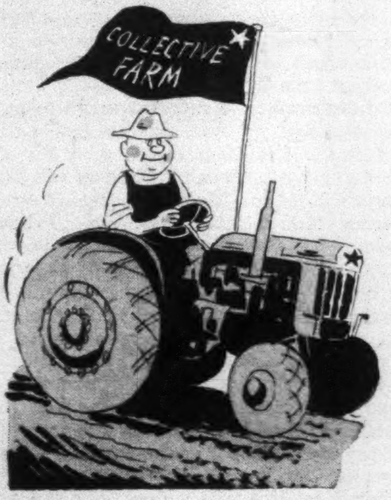

Good Farmer Schweik
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on Czech Agriculture

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on Queen Victoria

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Charon's London Diary

The Example of Bertrand Russell

LIBERAL opinion throughout the world has been shocked and disgusted by the spectacle of an 89-year-old philosopher – whom many regard as the greatest living Englishman – being sentenced, like a common criminal, for voicing his protest against the danger of nuclear war. Here the mechanics of the Cold War are seen operating at their most sordid level. Nor is our revulsion exclusively emotional. Even by the standards of sheer expediency, the Bow Street prosecutions seem inexplicable. Indeed the authorities have behaved with a unique, one might almost say inspired, blend of stupidity and panic.

A fortnight ago, Mr Krushchev cynically turned his back on the test-ban talks, and repudiated his own unctuous words on the risks of radiation; since then, he has detonated a steady series of nuclear devices, which daily increase in magnitude. The callousness of his attitude, and his manifest contempt for international opinion, have bestowed on the West – at least for the present – an uncovenanted political opportunity. The point has not been lost on President Kennedy who, so far, has reacted with calm and reason.

At this precise moment, the British government has chosen to embark on its elephantine prosecution of Earl Russell's movement. Whatever the legal niceties on which it is based, millions all over the world will correctly interpret this action as a calculated attempt to silence the mounting criticism of nuclear weapons. And this impression will be reinforced by the shameful methods employed by the police to obtain 'evidence'. Telephone-tapping, police spies, *agents provocateurs* – the squalid instruments we normally associate with Dr Verwoerd or the MVD – appear to have been solemnly marshalled to convict a handful of intellectual idealists who, in any case, do their utmost to publicise their intentions. It is odd that Mr Butler's department should regard the Committee of 100 as a serious threat to the security of the realm. It is odder still that the presumably valuable time of senior police officers should be employed in meeting it – while, as recent cases show, professional enemy agents of every description operate with virtual impunity inside our most secret bases.

This journal has never given editorial endorsement to all the specific objectives of the Campaign for Nuclear Disarmament; and we have more than once argued against the direct action methods employed by Earl Russell's committee. But all serious-minded people of liberal views must have a good deal of sympathy with both movements, for three reasons. They serve to bring into the sphere of progressive politics many thousands of young people who would otherwise share the general apathy. They act as a witness against the moral and physical horror of mass-slaughter. Finally, and most important, they stir the imaginations and arouse the disquiet of many millions who have been officially taught to regard nuclear warfare as an abstraction, rather than an imminent and personal peril.

In times like these, such organisations perform a vital function. Many readers have written to this office asking what they, personally, can do to avert a catastrophe over Berlin. Apart from the normal constitutional channels of political argument, there can be no single answer. Each of us must act as his or her conscience and reason dictate. But all these actions should have a common purpose: to bring home to the complacent majority around us the magnitude of the crisis and the physical horror of its consequences unless it is solved by peaceful negotiations.

This is precisely what Bertrand Russell, following his own chosen methods, sought to do. All honour to him and his followers for making the attempt – and pursuing it to its bitter conclusion. Even if the government succeeds in obstructing them – and it is taking a foolish risk in banning all demonstrations on Sunday afternoon – they have at least one satisfaction: they have done what they felt to be their duty and, by their example, they will encourage others to do theirs.

Comments on the Week's News

New York

Not Neutral Enough

ROBERT BENDINER *writes*: From the flow of comment here on the recent Belgrade conference, one would think that the neutralist governments had been prime favourites with American opinion-makers right along and had just let their friends down with a sudden thump. The feebleness of the neutral statesmen's stand on the revival of nuclear fireworks beyond the Urals showed the widely syndicated Joseph Alsop in a flash, for example, that 'the system of ideas behind such phrases as "the battle for the uncommitted nations" is a ludicrously, transparently false system'. The *Washington Daily News*, totting up our donations to the same states, reached a figure of $8,200 millions, for which it thought they might at least be 'more neutral than they are'. The *Wall Street Journal* complained that we have been taking 'the uncommitted at face value, crediting them with a special place above the Cold War battle that makes them somehow more moral and peace-loving than the fully committed antagonists'. And Harry Truman even managed to find a silver lining in the Soviet atomic cloud: 'The only thing that pleases me is the jolt the neutralists got. They got what's coming to them.'

Putting aside the question of who pays for their needed lesson, the point of it, for Washington, seems to be that the neutralists are not so much either neutral or pro-Russian as they are just plain fearful. While Krushchev undoubtedly had larger purposes than to humiliate Nehru, Nasser, Tito *et al*, the contemptuousness of his timing, which was all that Tito complained of, heightened the impression here that the whole performance was a calculated act of terror diplomacy, by no means aimed exclusively at the Belgrade delegates. President Kennedy was quick to characterise the Russian performance as 'primarily a form of atomic blackmail', and it is in this light rather than as a foreshadowing of war that Krushchev's present policy is viewed.

For this interpretation not least among the exhibits in evidence is Krushchev's grim emphasis on his 100-megaton super-bomb, which American experts regard as militarily poor but incredibly dirty. Dr Glenn Seaborg, chairman of the Atomic Energy Commission, thinks it 'of doubtful value' in war and others point out that a bomb of one-fifth the size would serve to obliterate any existing target. What we have here, then, is what Arthur Dean, American negotiator at the Geneva talks, calls the 'policy of overkill'. But the Russian toy, whether in war or only in a test, *would* pollute the earth's atmosphere on an unprecedented scale. It has been estimated that two such bombs would yield a radioactive fallout greater than all the nuclear bombs discharged by the US, England, Russia, and France since Hiroshima. It was to this threat that President Kennedy owed the pleasure of this week's visit from the rulers of Indonesia and the Mali Federation, come as delegates of the neutral nations to promote a new talk at the Summit. 'Give 'em the ice', advised the *New York Daily News*, which often manages to sound like an American confidence man in a P. G. Wodehouse novel.

If the diplomacy of terror failed to terrorise the capital – the day the Russians set off their first nuclear explosion in three years, the House Appropriations Committee went right on with its work of butchering both military and economic allowances in the foreign aid bill – the response was nevertheless quick and perhaps too predictable, though not universally approved. Against mounting pressure from the Pentagon and elements in Congress, the President had steadfastly refused to resume nuclear testing as the Berlin crisis deepened, and by outwaiting the Rusisans, who were pledged not to start testing again unilaterally, he had scored a significant psychological triumph. But when the US announced within a few days its own intention to go back to testing, much of the advantage was frittered away. It would have been an impressive issue to bring before the United Nations in a few weeks, meanwhile letting the Russians stew in their Cold War juices.

Moscow

Nehru's Gloomy Visit

Our Moscow Correspondent writes: Mr Nehru's short visit to Moscow took a little heat out of the atmosphere in the Kremlin, and the first positive results were the quieter tone of Mr Krushchev's week-end speeches. Although Nehru left Moscow with his mind apparently not made up about whether to accord East Germany diplomatic recognition, he seems to have been convinced that the West's best course would be to sign a peace treaty with East Germany which would guarantee the status of West Berlin. He has made up his mind that the Oder-Neisse frontier must be recognised and he found Krushchev willing to envisage garrisons from the non-aligned countries in West Berlin, if the West should maintain objections to the presence of Soviet forces there.

To sum up, Nehru left believing that the Russian proposals contained a basis for negotiations. He was, however, entirely unconvinced by Krushchev's arguments which sought to justify the resumption of nuclear tests as an essential defensive measure. To Krushchev's statement that Russia is unwilling to relinquish present superiority in nuclear weapons, he replied firmly that, whatever the military justification might seem to be, the interests of humanity could not be ignored. Nehru elaborated on this in a sombre speech which cast gloom over the friendship meeting in the Kremlin.

On disarmament Krushchev seems to have assured himself of even stronger Indian support at the UN General Assembly for the Soviet proposals, though differences still exist between Delhi and Moscow on details of the phasing. Nehru, it is clear, resisted being drawn into demagogic statements on the anti-colonial issue even to the point of dissociating himself from Krushchev over Goa in the communiqué. Moscow seems disappointed that the Belgrade meeting did not result in more positive support for the Soviet plan for Berlin and more downright condemnation of America. This, and Nehru's plea for forbearance, may have made some impact on the Soviet leader. Yet in some unaccountable way Indo-Soviet relations have not been impaired by Nehru's candour. For the first time Krushchev used the word 'unbreakable' about them; and, for all their differences, the two statesmen parted with greater understanding of one another.

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Germany

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reports from the East-West border

JOHN MANDER
reports from Bonn on the Election

Paris

De Gaulle's Last Chance?

Our Paris Correspondent writes: Detective story fans have plenty to chew on this week, thanks to the abortive attempt to assassinate President de Gaulle. It would require a real expert in detection to unravel the elements of mystery which surround this incident. Yet it seems to me that the attempt in itself is of secondary importance. What matters is that de Gaulle has one more chance to take action, with the unconditional support of public opinion, against the military extremists. The whole of France is now disgusted by this fanatical group. The press is unanimous in demanding the punishment of the guilty, and the man in the street is absolutely fed up with these so-called patriots who wear the uniforms of senior military rank.

It remains to be seen whether de Gaulle will seize this new chance to root out of the French army the elements which have brought it so much dishonour. It is true that in metropolitan France a number of arrests have already been made, and the official view is that the OAS, the para-military organisation of the conspirators, has been scotched. But the news from Algeria is a good deal less reassuring. The authorities there seem incapable of bringing in General Salan and his staff of paratroop colonels, all of whom have been condemned to death in their absence and all of whom, according to trustworthy witnesses, are moving freely – and in uniform

– about the towns and villages of Algeria. General Salan is usually accompanied by a military escort of motor-cyclists and goes about as if he were the ruler of the country.

In this situation de Gaulle can't afford to waste time or content himself with half-measures. General Salan's fanatical supporters are probably not strong enough to organise a *putsch* in Paris, but they are perfectly capable of infiltrating French political life and creating conditions which are intolerable, both for the government and for the public. To frustrate them, de Gaulle must put his trust in the wave of anti-military opinion and call for support from those sections of the community who really are faithful to the Republic and to democracy. To disarm the OAS in Algeria would need men who have a total determination to enforce the law and not, as at present, officials who stand somewhere half way between de Gaulle and Salan.

The real problem, then, is not what happened last week-end on the road to Colombey-les-Deux-Eglises, but what de Gaulle will do in the course of the next couple of weeks. If he does nothing, it is certain that there will be further attempts at assassination and the survival of the Fifth Republic will only be by virtue of another miracle.

Central Africa

Sir Roy Strikes Twice

Our Commonwealth Correspondent writes: The disappointingly unctuous statement on Northern Rhodesia made by the Colonial Secretary this week reveals the scarcely veiled hand of Sir Roy Welensky. As Mr Macleod well knows, lawlessness there has been caused by the Africans' conviction that HMG is betraying their community to Sir Roy's Federal obsession. If – as the statement claims – 'the first task of government is to ensure that law and order are maintained', that task can only be fulfilled by following a policy seen to be based on justice.

In fact the statement again postpones any decision from HMG on the future of Northern Rhodesia. It solves none of the problems, nor breaks any deadlock. The only vague hope it holds out is for some future representations and negotiations – though even here the government carefully reserves the right of an imposed solution.

In any case, the prospect of Mr Macleod acting decisively now – as he seemed ready to do at the beginning of the week – has been killed by another blustering intervention by Sir Roy, backed again by Mr Sandys. This alliance has once more pulled the Colonial secretary back by his coat-tails from making such amendments to his constitution as would allow both Kenneth Kaunda's UNIP and Sir John Moffat's Liberals to cooperate with him.

Meanwhile, the news from Katanga seems to indicate that the UN underestimated public hostility to its policy of forcing the Tshombe government to cooperate with the Kasavubu-Adoula regime. By its action, the UN has patently entered the field of Congo politics. Its success depends on there being sufficient support in Katanga for a united Congo to bring forward alternative leaders. Tribalism is still powerful there and Katangans are fearful of losing their privileged standard of life if forced to contribute to Central government funds. Tshombe and his two even more extreme lieutenants, Kibwe and Munongo, backed by certain European adventurers, have been openly defying the UN writ and refusing to abandon their separatist obsession, which destroys any chance of a viable Congo state. They have recently been encouraged to do so by Dr Verwoerd, Sir Roy Welensky and the Portuguese. Sir Roy's latest belligerent gesture in moving troops towards the Congo border reveals again his fanatical determination to fight to the last ditch for a white-dominated southern Africa. It is calculated to set the whole Northern Province of N. Rhodesia alight, perhaps giving added weight to his pressure on the British government. The whole of Africa holds its breath while this bold adventure in international politics is played out in its midst.

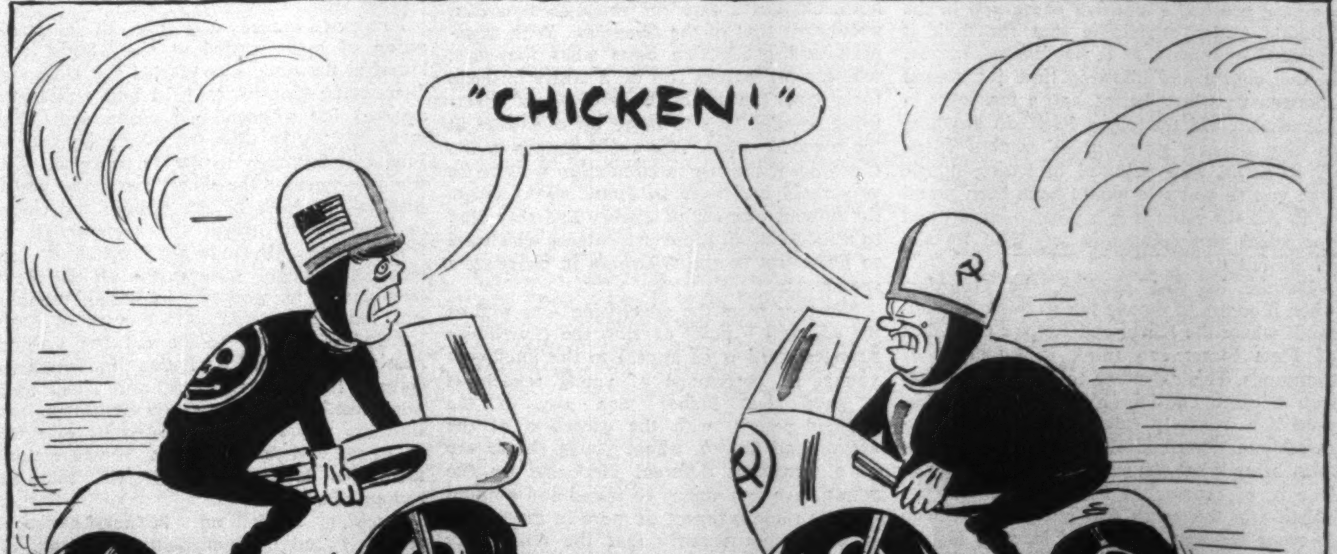
Peking

Summing-up Belgrade

A Student of the Chinese Press writes: The Chinese press has not been slow to comment on the Belgrade conference. *Jen-min Jih-pao* praised its 'positive contributions' to the anti-imperialist struggles of the people of Asia, Africa and Latin America. *Ta Kung pao* congratulated the conference on having successfully defeated the efforts of 'US imperialism'.

Special praise was allocated to delegates who emphasised colonialism as the cause of war rather than the imminent danger of war over Berlin. Sukarno, Dorticos and Ben Khedda were described as having 'clear voices' opposed to neo-colonialism. The editorial attacks on Nehru and Tito show how the Chinese press is making political warfare out of the conference – in the first instance as part of their policy of isolating India, and in the second as part of the anti-Tito line of world Communism. *Ta Kung pao* writes: 'The outcome of the conference means defeat also for certain spokesmen of US imperialism, who have put on the cloak of non-alignment. They were unable to divert the anti-imperialist and anti-colonialist main stream of the conference and in the attempt have only laid bare their true features. Tito played precisely such a role. He made a big effort in calling for co-operation with all countries and for restraint from attacking this or that country, while peddling his so-called "no bloc" and "positive coexistence". But everybody knows that what the Tito clique pursues is not a policy of non-alignment. As early as 1953 it had made Yugoslavia a member of the Balkan alliance, the other two members of which, Greece and Turkey, are both Nato members.' Nehru's statement that 'the era of classic colonialism is . . . essentially over' is attacked as 'giving cover to colonialism and imperialism.'

This same line was underlined by Vice-Premier Chen Yi's speech on 9 September which was widely reported. 'Without independence and freedom,' he said 'the defence



of peace is out of the question . . . Those who attempted to deny history . . . who attempted to divert the conference from its important objective failed to gain support and were isolated.'

While the Chinese press (supported by that of other Asian Communist papers which it quotes) uses the Belgrade conference as propaganda against Krushchev's 'peaceful coexistence' line, it has enthusiastically supported the Soviet resumption of nuclear tests. *Jen-min Jih-pao* described this as 'an important move to stave off the catastrophe of war and to defend peace . . . What warrants particular attention is the fact that the US has recently been pushing full-steam ahead with its frezied arms expansion and war preparations by playing up the so-called "Berlin crisis" which it has created out of nothing.' Pubilicity is given to resolutions sent by Chinese organisations to their Soviet counterparts. That of the Chinese Peace Committee is typical: 'In circumstances where the imperialist forces headed by the US were lately intensifying their maniacal war expansion openly clamouring about the use of nuclear weapons in west Berlin . . . the latest Soviet decision was an important measure for dealing further blows at US imperialism's policies of war and aggression and safeguarding world peace more effectively.'

Fleet Street

Welcome to the Guardian

FRANCIS WILLIAMS *writes:* The *Guardian* moved quietly into London on Monday. It had advertised its coming for a week or so with posters and display advertisements advising 'lively minds almost everywhere' that they would now be able to have the *Guardian* by breakfast-time. But apart from a few telegrams and a cake sent by an admirer, the actual launching of the *Guardian's* London edition – the translation of the paper into a national journal in every sense of the word – was carried out with a restraint such as Fleet Street rarely shows in its great moments.

Nor, apart from a factual article on its printing process, a shortish paragraph in the London Letter explaining that for itself it intended to remain as it was except, maybe, in due course and allowing time for mental adjustment, a little better, and a few jokes in Miscellany, did the paper itself do anything to fling its new status in its readers' faces. C. P. Scott, who believed in letting people take you as you are, would have been proud of it. All the same it is a great occasion and one which this column is very glad to take off its hat to.

Despite its vast prestige, the *Guardian* when it comes to money has to think in thousands where the Kings and Empire Crusaders of Fleet Street can think in hundreds of thousands. This extension to London is therefore a quite considerable financial gamble, even if a carefully calculated and long prepared one. Paradoxically, newspaper economics being what they are, two perils face it. One is, of course, the obvious one that circulation in the south will not go up enough to cover the very substantial increase in running costs resulting from London printing. The other is that the move may turn out too successful and circulation go up too far, too quickly. I doubt whether there is very much danger of the first. Before it came to London the *Guardian* had a circulation of around 235,000 a day. This was about 25,000 a day less than *The Times*, but nearly 100,000 more than ten years ago, during which period *The Times*, despite all those Top People advertisements, has gone up by only about 10,000. I should now expect the *Guardian* to rise fairly quickly to at least 300,000 as a result of London printing.

But, for a paper like the *Guardian*, circulation is not, of course, all that matters – even commercially speaking – nor indeed, within limits, what matters most. It is the quality of the circulation in terms of advertising appeal and therefore advertising revenue that counts when budgets have to be drawn. For some time the *Guardian* has been in a position to charge a higher advertising rate – that is, rate per single-column inch per 1,000 circulation – than any other paper in the country with the single exception of *The Times*. This is because it has a high proportion of A/B readers, 45 per cent of the total (*The Times* has 50 per cent) and also a high proportion, 39 per cent, of intelligent young readers under the age of 35, expected by advertisers to go places and become important consumers in the future (*The Times* percentage here is lower – 34 per cent). It has also a substantial institutional readership – in big corporations, government departments, universities and the like. Because of this it has been able to charge a rate of just over 5.40d. per single column inch compared with 1.50d. for the *Mirror*, 1.70d. for the *Express*, 2.15d. for the *Mail* and just under 2.80d. for the *Telegraph*. *The Times*, on the other hand, can get just over 9.10d. for a single-column inch.

Even if the rate remains the same, the actual cost of advertising in the *Guardian* will, of course, go up as circulation rises – since the figure is charged for each thousand of circulation – and if circulation goes up too much the cost may be more than some of the traffic can bear – unless the rate is reduced. This is why the *Daily Telegraph*, with a larger proportion of A/B readers than the *Guardian*, 50 per cent (although it has, it may be noted, a much smaller proportion of readers under 35 – only 28 per cent as against the *Guardian's* 39 per cent) and a vastly greater circulation at one and a quarter millions, charges a rate per single-column inch well below that of the *Guardian*. With newsprint and production costs what they are, selling more papers can be a costly business for a paper the size of the *Guardian* if advertising revenue fails to move up with sales at the requisite speed. This could happen to the *Guardian* if the rise in circulation were to be very rapid and were to dilute, so to speak, the present element of quality and thus lead to a reduction in those percentages which are so important to the *Guardian* in charging a special rate.

However from the advertising – as well as the editorial – point of view the *Guardian's* strongest card is its appeal to the intelligent young. Its percentage of young readers is a good deal higher than any of the popular papers, with the exception of the *Mirror* and *Sketch*, whose young people are of a somewhat different kind and on the whole have less money to spend and nothing like the same prospect of more in the future. It is here particularly that the *Guardian's* London printing should bring substantial advantage in the shape of lively young southern minds who, being busy as well as lively, do in fact need to have their daily paper at the breakfast table. The risks, of course, are bound to remain for some time, but it seems to me that the omens for the *Guardian* are very good indeed.

Pethick-Lawrence

Wise and Happy

KINGSLEY MARTIN *writes:* Not many weeks have passed since I last sat on a bench in Lincoln's Inn Fields, talking to Pethick-Lawrence. He used to make me late at this office. Meeting him on his morning walk was one of the chance good fortunes of life. In his late eighties he showed no signs of mental fatigue, his judgment was as shrewd and his disagreement, if there was disagreement, as reasonable and as forcible as when I first heard him expound his personal philosophy in my father's church 40 years ago.

Physically he was always a remarkable specimen. Even in his seventies he played tennis not much below first-class standards, and he could not complain if he was bent and walked slowly with a stick at 89. He had travelled the world, been bankrupt and was rather proud, in his quiet way, of being a jail-bird He had played an influential, but unobtrusive, part in fighting for the causes that have proved themselves most worth while in our age.

As a politician and thinker, Pethick-Lawrence was unique in my experience. Many young men, with little to lose and much to win in reputation, serve causes that land them in trouble. Some of them turn into fanatics and others later become content with the Establishment. Pethick-Lawrence began rich and, after a spectacular career at Cambridge, where he won every academic distinction and found time to be President of the Union too, he had, as they say, the world before him. But he married Emmeline Pethick and plunged into the cause of women's suffrage. He went to jail with his wife and Mrs Pankhurst and was released after five weeks of hunger-strike and forcible feeding. He spent his entire fortune on the suffrage movement and, after refusing to pay the cost of his trial, was made bankrupt. The 'Peths' were ready to break the law and go to prison with the 'Panks', but characteristically they were opposed to reckless policies which led to loss of life.

Pethick-Lawrence was one of a small group of men, scoffed at and almost outlawed at the time, who started the Union of Democratic Control in 1914 and wrote and agitated for a negotiated peace with Germany. Again, he took the unpopular side as Financial Secretary to the Treasury in 1931, when he supplied the expert knowledge which justified the bulk of the Labour movement in refusing to accept the dictatorship of foreign banks. He could not stomach the pretence of 'national' government. Of the many later causes he worked for, Indian freedom was paramount, and as Secretary of State for India and Burma he led the Cabinet mission from which Indian independence sprang. In his later years, you could meet him most often at gatherings of Indians and Burmese where he was treated by everyone as an old and revered friend. If you sat and talked to him, he would talk with the ardour of a schoolboy.

Looking back on Pethick-Lawrence's career, I find it wonderfully satisfying. He was never a fanatic and he never became a great public figure. Indeed, today he is largely forgotten. But he had seen and understood events in many countries and served with a devotion and loyalty many great causes. He was, I believe, a profoundly happy man. That he was one of the wisest I have no doubt at all.

Labour's £ s d

If there was any danger of the Labour Party lapsing once again into the mood of complacent euphoria which overtook it in 1957, the publication of this year's annual report should have removed it. For the National Executive's report to the 1961 conference clearly reveals what had long been vaguely suspected – that in terms of finance and membership, last year was one of the worst in the party's history. During the past 12 months, the Labour Party lost 108,656 members (57,334 of them individual ones from the constituencies), and it simultaneously failed to balance its general fund account by £47,418, thus bringing its total deficit on that account to something like £100,000.

With British elections increasingly a matter of wealth and organisation, such a story of failure in the machine necessarily makes any recent confident predictions about the Labour Party's prospects look sadly premature. In any case, apart from the practical difficulties which come in the train of penury, the public image of a party unable to run its own affairs effectively is scarcely conducive to promoting confidence in it to run those of the country. And as the nation staggers from one economic crisis to the next, the Labour Party is hardly helped by appearing to do the same itself. How far the cause of Labour's present difficulties was political remains debatable. To suggest, however (as Transport House did this week), that all will be well now 'a new spirit' has emerged in the party is to lose sight of the fact that what happened last year is merely the culmination of a trend that has been apparent since 1957.

The Labour Party often succeeds in giving the impression that its virtue in actually publishing – unlike the keener businessmen of the Tory Central Office – a formal statement of accounts is a sufficient defence to any criticism of its monetary stewardship. Nothing could be further from the truth. For one thing, the annual financial statement by no means tells the whole story about the party's finances (the income of the various constituency parties is not even mentioned); and for another, the information that it does give regularly removes the dust-sheets from one of the most antiquated and archaic aspects of the party's entire organisation. Who, for example, reading merely the head-lines this week could have guessed that, in a Transport House seemingly threatened with the brokers' men, there was a reserve fund of £327,428 – only to be dipped into for the purpose of fighting general elections? Such a sum is an extraordinarily large nest-egg for a party that is always pleading poverty; and by the time the next general election comes round Transport House can hardly be surprised if the unions, in response to the traditional 'fighting fund' appeal, take the view (as they did in 1955) that a party with so sizeable a reserve is scarcely in need of any exceptional gesture on their part.

The story of this general election fund, in fact, highlights most of what is wrong with the Labour Party's attitude towards finance. Starting with a balance of £113 in 1943 it has at successive general elections been built up to its present status as a private fortune. But for all the good that these massive reserves have done, they might just as well not exist.

The error, in fact, creeps in when the general election fund is seen as something sacred – only to be touched in the actual emergency of a general election campaign. The reluctance, for instance, to use this fund to finance the Wilson reforms, the paltry £25,000 spent from it on a wholly useless poster campaign in March 1959, the present penny-farthing structure of the Labour Party's television department, all combine to suggest that Transport House still believes that British general elections are won or lost in three weeks.

The truth, of course, is that whatever distinction there may ever have been between building up an organisation in the period between elections and fighting an actual election campaign itself has now entirely lost validity. And the wonder is that no one on the National Executive seems yet to have awoken to the fact that thrift – however admirable a personal virtue – is often a political liability. Certainly it cannot be said to make for political advantage when it leads (as it did last year) to a net reduction of 15 in the number of full-time constituency agents employed by the party.

Yet for the moment the party seems content to rely on traditional remedies. At next month's Labour Party conference the National Executive will propose the third increase in affiliation fees since the war – apparently undeterred by the fact that the last one (also of threepence – in 1957) proved hopelessly inadequate within months of being brought in. There will also no doubt be increased pressure on the unions to affiliate up to their full levy-paying strength – and (if only to cover up a loss of 120,000 from the ETU) men like Mr William Carron and Sir Thomas Williamson may yet be brought to throw in fresh battalions of Labour Party conference voters.

Such measures are no doubt necessary, but they will be valuable only if they bring with them a new expansionist attitude within the party organisation. If the aim behind them is merely to balance the books, next year's annual report is likely to make as dismal reading as this one's. Not until there is some realisation that in politics (as everywhere else) rewards only come from courage and confidence can there be any hope of the Labour Party getting away from the world of Mr Micawber.

The Necessary Heretics

KINGSLEY MARTIN

Marx and Calvin, Stalin and Foster Dulles, are equally responsible for spreading the damnable doctrine which has brought us to the rim of hell. The picture of the world divided into sheep and goats, the saved and the damned, good capitalists and bad Communists or good Communists and wicked capitalists must, by its nature, make peace impossible. There can be no lasting settlement between God and the Devil.

Such apparently irreconcilable conflicts have occurred before in human history. Muslims and Christians, Catholics and Protestants fought and flattened civilisation in large but limited areas of the world. Exhausted, they accepted peaceful co-existence and finally learnt to tolerate each other. Such an ending to ideological war is not possible in the nuclear age. For the first time in history war would destroy the very stuff of civilisation; whether, as some authorities think, it would destroy human life everywhere, depends on the number of H-bombs used. That Britain and the thickly populated areas of the northern hemisphere would be obliterated is not in dispute.

The fatal polarisation of the world was only less apparent before the last war because Russia had not then the power to challenge the US. But, after Stalingrad, with Nazi defeat in sight, the dangers of a coming US-Soviet clash was already apparent: a third world war, arising perhaps once again from the German problem, would follow if the image of the Good and the Bad once hardened in the two camps. To prevent that catastrophe, to end the wars that followed from the ideological conflict in Korea and Vietnam, and to substitute a sane nuclear policy for a race to suicide – these were the reasons why after the war some of us began to talk of a 'third force', tried to create a third grouping of non-aligned states, founded the Peace with China Council and, finally, organised the CND. The CND is, of, course, supported by pacifists, but its unifying philosophy is and has always been 'non-alignment'.

Two post-war events encouraged us to hope that a group of nations would refuse to ally themselves with either of the great blocs. The first was General Marshall's far-sighted proposal that the US should spend a substantial part of its huge annual surplus on rehabilitating the bankrupt and devastated nations on both sides of the Iron Curtain. The suggestion was rejected by the Soviet Union, which also prevailed on its satellite states, Poland and Czechoslovakia, to withdraw the acceptance they readily gave. Reassured by this rejection, Congress voted for Marshall Aid as part of America's defence against Communism. In the event, it served to check Communist growth in France and Italy; it strengthened the western bloc and provided an economic basis for Nato. Intended as a way of bridging the gulf, it actually widened it. The second promising event was Tito's break with the Soviet Union, which opened the prospect of a new group of Socialist nations outside Moscow's control. Once again the hope was frustrated. The movement towards a freer Communism in eastern Europe which followed Stalin's death was halted; the savage repression of the Hungarian revolt gave the lie to Krushchev's promise to recognise each nation's right to find its own way to Socialism.

After Hungary and Suez, the ideological conflict hardened. But as imperialism withdrew from colonial territories, a non-aligned group of ex-colonial nations came into being. At first, the USSR assumed that the colonial revolt was only a stage towards Communism, and Foster Dulles, under the same illusion, denounced neutralism as immoral. Nehru, Nasser, Nu and Kassem have all in their time been regarded by the State Department as Communist precursors; all of them have shown a determination to maintain their national independence from both blocs. At Belgrade these nations, which had finally won their independence, joined in conference with the emergent nations of Africa. There was a sharp division between the two types of neutral nation. Leaders like Nehru and Nasser, with experience of world politics, were shocked by the Soviet tests with their universal nuclear threat, and deeply concerned about the danger of world war.

African nations, still fighting colonialism and already angered by French tests in the Sahara, were reluctant to condemn the Soviet Union, which they regarded as a friend, though not as a master. The non-aligned countries agreed, however, to put pressure on both Moscow and Washington. Their bid for peace may be too weak or have come too late. But they represent a body of opinion which, as long as the hope of peace lasts, neither Moscow nor Washington can afford wholly to neglect.

Berlin has throughout seemed the most likely flashpoint for a future world war. Here was an anomalous situation where the West was pledged to maintain an outpost of capitalism and civil liberty in the heart of East Germany, which is ruled by a Communist minority and occupied by Russia; here the forces of East and West stand cheek by jowl with weapons in their hands; here, both sides believe themselves to have a vital interest not to yield. Once again, the intractable German problem confronts us. It presents Krushchev with a strong propagandist case. We need not doubt his sincerity when he denounces *revanchisme* in West Germany, points out that the German general staff is continuous in tradition and personnel, and has the support of the Adenauer government, including Defence Minister Strauss, in expecting soon to be in charge of atomic weapons. In an agreeably undiplomatic passage in the diplomatic note addressed to the Soviet government last week, Britain justly spoke of the 'upside down use of words in the Soviet lexicon'. It was fair to accuse the Kremlin of denouncing as a 'spy' anyone who is 'curious about what goes on in the world,' and as 'subversive' anyone who 'favours freedom of speech, assembly and movement.' It was, however, neither wise nor fair to brush aside the Soviet fear of German *revanche*.

So powerful is Russia's physical position in Berlin and so unanswerable the testimony of her 20 million dead in the last war, that it seems certain that by skilful diplomacy Krushchev could induce the West to confirm Europe's post-war frontiers, including the recognition of East Germany. But threats are no means to this end. Once there is a parade of force, the sane influence of non-committed nations, groups and individuals count for little. Less than three years ago Krushchev declared that any national leader who once again spread nuclear fall-out would brand himself with shame. Few outside the Soviet field of propaganda will accept Krushchev's plea that he was compelled by military necessity to begin again to poison the air we breath and the food we eat. The easily foreseen result is to stiffen opinion, not only in America but throughout the western world. Negotiations too stand much less chance of success because distrust of Soviet good faith is necessarily greatly increased.

Nothing again could betray a more alarming misconception that Krushchev's statement that Britain, France and Italy are 'Soviet hostages' because they know that they will be destroyed if war begins. Once Moscow and Washington are in military posture the views of ordinary citizens pass unnoticed. Before mobilisation the non-committed everywhere may exercise a significant influence, but once the drums of war are beating in our ears the demonstrations of the uncommitted become only the protesting cries of sanity in a universal madhouse.

If war begins, the people of western Europe will be involved just as surely as the millions who wish to be non-committed in Hungary and Poland. Nuclear death will rain impartially on the just and the unjust; all will be involved, however deep their fears, however bitterly they hate their governments, however fervently they may have worked and argued for co-existence.

It sometimes happens that the views of the non-committed are most authoritatively expressed by soldiers who know the realities of war. After the Korean war General MacArthur told the American people that never again could war attain any object desired by those who started it. The other day, Field Marshal Montgomery told his Chinese hosts that three steps might be taken to prevent the imminent war. Just as the West should recognise the fact of Communist China, so it should recognise the fact of East Germany. As another immediately practicable step, all foreign troops should be withdrawn from occupied territory. Building on that basis, a positive initiative could come from the West today.

It is a mistake for Washington and London to talk about possible 'concessions'; it is a mistake because to make a German peace treaty is not a concession but a world necessity. Arguments should begin on the terms that would follow when the need of East-West German treaties is recognised. Once the American people are told that what is under discussion is a German treaty, they may get out of the habit of believing that any settlement with Krushchev is a surrender to the devil. Why should the recognition of two Germanys, with safeguards for the rights of West Berliners and a nuclear-free zone in central Europe, perhaps under United Nations auspices (which would give West Berliners a guarantee not dependent on the good faith of the Soviet Union) be regarded as either humiliating or dangerous? All this is far more difficult today because Krushchev has loaded his reasonable proposals with a heavy burden of threats and horror. But it remains the right and, indeed, the only alternative, to destruction.

London Diary

CHARON

I wonder what Bertrand Russell will write in Brixton this time. During his first prison sentence in 1915, as a conscientious objector to the first world war, he wrote his *Introduction to Mathematical Philosophy*, an important work. That was a much lengthier sentence, though. Seven days is a short spell, but Russell needs little sleep, and even at 89 he is still a quick worker. In 1924 he wrote in little over a week his brilliant essay *Icarus or the Future of Science*, a reply to J. B. S. Haldane's optimistic *Daedalus or Science and the Future*. This contained one especially prophetic paragraph:

> Much as I should like to agree with Mr Haldane's forecast, a long experience of statesmen and governments has made me somewhat sceptical. I am compelled to fear that science will be used to promote the power of dominant brutes, rather than to make man happy. Icarus, having been taught to fly by his father Daedalus, was destroyed by his rashness. I fear that the same fate may overtake the populations whom modern men of science have taught to fly.

It is pretty safe to forecast that Russell will be a popular prisoner. He is almost the exact physical opposite of Mr Pickwick, but I shouldn't be surprised if he gets an ovation on his release something like the one accorded Pickwick when he left the Fleet. You could sense from the various press reports of his capture the affection and esteem in which he is held – even by those who do not share his aims or methods.

* * *

I have been getting a rather oblique view of the Berlin crisis while on holiday in Hungary. The absence of English newspapers – except the *Daily Worker* seldom less than four days old – made for a curiously soothing, cushioned atmosphere. (The only exception was when a rumour ran round our party that tank fighting had broken out in the problem city. This turned out to be due to an unorthodox *Worker* headline: PANZER BATTLE IN ETU OFFICE.) The Hungarians themselves seemed to be taking it calmly. Though one earnest young supporter of the regime told me that he often couldn't sleep for worrying, a responsible Foreign Ministry official assured me that the Hungarian government were not taking any emergency measures. He also said that the Hungarian public, who are apt to react excitably to crises, were, as far as his ministry could judge, much calmer than at the time of the U2-Summit crisis. They certainly seemed to be in a relaxed, holiday-making mood. The only time I saw them display violent emotion was when Real-Madrid beat the leading Hungarian team 2-0 in an intermittently rather languid and exceptionally dirty game. The theory that international sport can be almost as dangerous as armament races was confirmed. For a moment I thought that the police who were guarding Kadar and the Rumanian president might have to go into action.

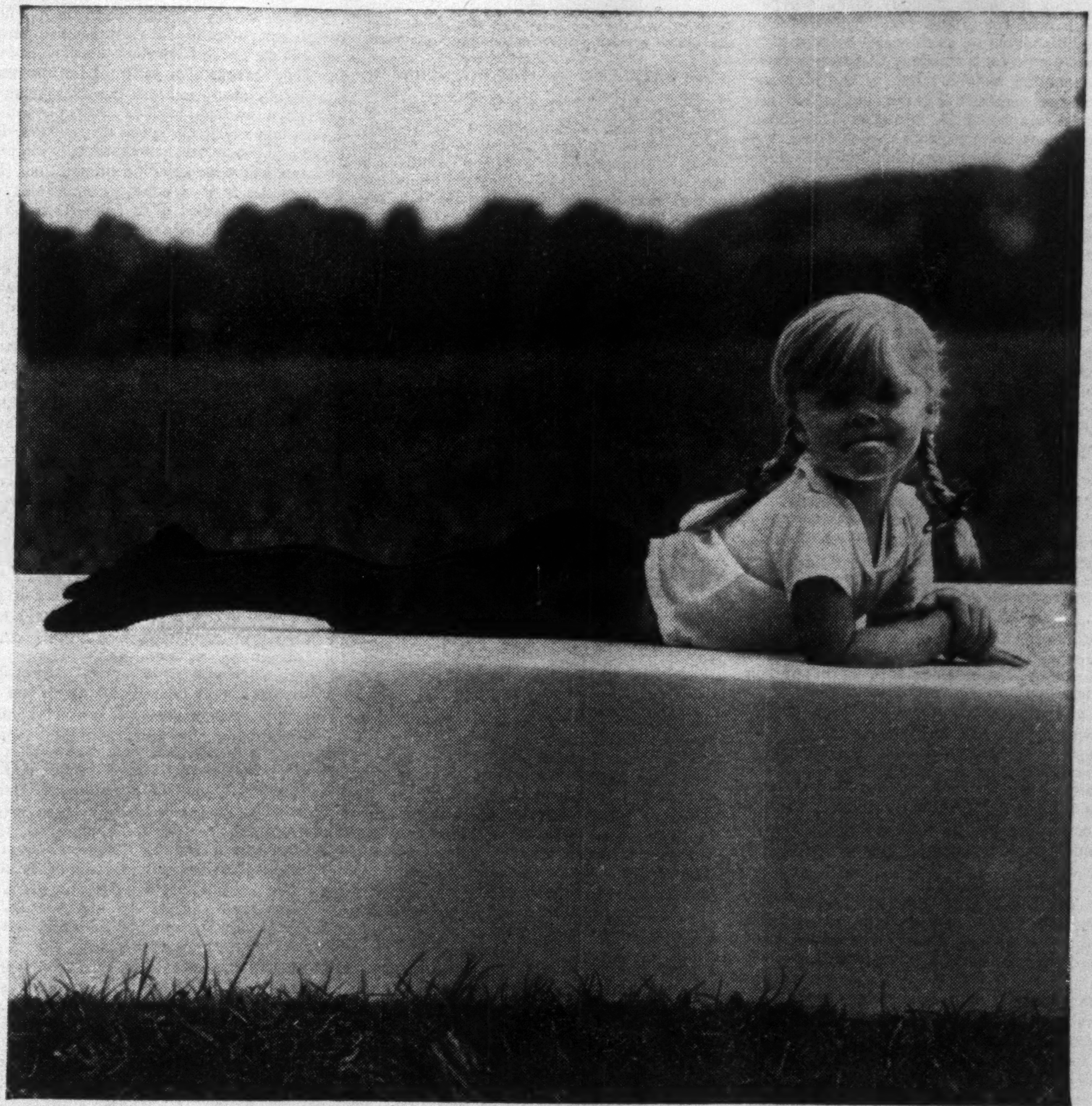
It's not often you get a foreign Communist to prophesy for you, but my official's conviction that the Berlin crisis will be solved seemed 100 per cent firm. He added that although its solution would certainly be followed by a détente, this détente would equally certainly be followed by other crises. Elsewhere, the most interesting angle I struck was the theory that it was a private approach by Adenauer to the Russians which had produced the 'detensioning' of the last few days.

* * *

I hear from Malta that many newsagents are refusing to handle the Labour Party's local paper, *Freedom*, following a directive issued by Archbishop Gonzi. Gonzi has publicly announced that no Roman Catholic may 'print, write in, sell, buy, distribute or read' Labour Party publications without 'committing mortal sin'. The situation is made more farcical by the fact that Dom Mintoff, the leader of the party, and the overwhelming majority of his followers are themselves Catholics. Gonzi's directive is, of course, totally at variance with the new Vatican encyclical. Indeed, it may well be uncanonical: everyone in Malta knows that Gonzi is engaged in a bitter political feud with Mintoff, who is the first man on the island to challenge the Archbishop's dominance over the minds of the Maltese. If the Pope intends to stand by his encyclical, he should suspend this arrogant prelate, just as his predecessor suspended the late Cardinal-Archbishop of Seville.

* * *

My underworld acquaintances tell me that the epidemic of picture stealing is likely to continue. I asked one of them if there was any truth in the suggestion that covetous and obsessional multi-millionaires paid high



Superb cushioning

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Shell Chemicals SHELL

prices to picture thieves for stolen masterpieces, and then gloated over them in secret. He shook his head. Nobody today will pay a huge price for a stolen masterpiece. But it may be possible to, as they say, work it back to the owner for a ransom. This may involve compounding a felony but, as the preservation of masterpieces is in the national interest, matters can often be arranged. The classic example of an art-snatch, he told me, was the theft in 1924 from Lady Ludlow's London house of the Julius Wernher collection of historic jewellery. This was valued at well over a million pounds. The complete list, which included Charlemagne's ring, took up nearly a column in *The Times.* The thieves let it be known that it was a snatch and offered to return it intact for a modest £10,000. It was collected from an East End pub, but some ingenious intermediary raised the thieves' price to £20,000, an item which underworld chroniclers never let you forget. This collection is now on view at Luton Hoo in Bedfordshire, where the security arrangements are, I understand, very considerably improved.

* * *

'It is a wretched parade, this ghostly army of lame dogs and lunatics whom we put to death in those 11 [1949-1960] years.' As an anti-hanger, I am arrested by this sentence from John Freeman's introduction to *Hanged by the Neck* by Arthur Koestler and C. H. Rolph. This is one of a pair of Penguin Specials dealing fairly and factually with capital punishment. The other is *Hanged In Error* by Leslie Hale MP. Between them, these two books provide the anti-hanger with a concise, neatly bracketed barrage of argument against. All the familiar counter-assertions of hangers – that judicial hanging is carried out humanely and decently for instance; that no innocent man is ever hanged in Britain; that there is no alternative method for dealing with the problem of the convicted murderer – are convincingly rebutted.

* * *

The Bingo craze and the increased betting facilities turn my thoughts in a get-rich-quick direction. Here is a story that combines rare presence of mind with lunatic luck. A professional racing man woke up one morning and felt impelled to have an accumulator bet on every race on the day's card. (I don't expect readers of the NS need to be told what an 'accumulator' is. The attraction is, generally, the fantastically long odds. There have, however, been classic accumulators when the odds on each race have been short. One such was the Duchess of Norfolk's famous £100 accumulator at Newmarket on every favourite – most of them at odds on; it is said to have netted her £13,000.) My racing man put on only a fiver, but the odds were long and at the end of the penultimate race he was already £60,000 up – on paper. If the horse he had fancied won the last race he would win £120,000. If it lost, his accumulator would be liquidated and he would win nothing. The sight of his fancied horse in the paddock convinced him that he had not got a chance. There was further evidence of the kind available to professional racing men to prove it couldn't possibly win. He was in despair when inspiration came. He rushed up to the owner, bought the horse from him for £10,000, a great deal more than it was worth, and scratched it with minutes to spare. His bet on the last race was thus invalidated, and his winnings stood where they were. A net profit of £50,000.

This England

Prizes £1 for the first entry and 10/- for each of the others printed. Paste entries on a postcard.

The British Field Sports Society, worried by unfavourable publicity, have issued a leaflet, *You and the press,* which is being sent to masters of foxhounds throughout the country. There will be no more references to 'hounds killing a dead-beat fox' or 'hounds deserving a taste of blood' and it is suggested that the wisest way of describing the death of a fox is to say that the animal was "accounted for'. –*The Times.* (M. E. Weston.)

The manager of the Gaumont cinema, North Shields, Mr T. W. Bird, dressed a dummy in dark jeans, and placed a bicycle chain in one of its hands, to advertise a film about juvenile delinquency. The chain has been stolen. – *Newcastle Journal.* (H. W. Sutherland.)

After spending £46 10s. on a ton of white paper for wrapping fish and chips, Mr Alfred Brunker, of Crawley, Sussex, received complaints from customers that they 'didn't taste the same' as when wrapped in newspaper. Mr Brunker is now wrapping servings in the white paper and enclosed the bundle in newspaper. – *Observer.* (J. B. Orford.)

The Good Farmer Schweik

R. H. S. CROSSMAN

Ever since Stalin's breakneck collectivisation, agriculture has been the Achilles heel of the Communist system. But will it always remain so? Very few of those who visit the eastern bloc are qualified even to ask this question. When I went to China in the autumn of 1957, for example, I found I was the first westerner to see the People's Communes. And how exasperating it was that, though I travelled for three weeks in the Chinese countryside, I could only look at this vast agrarian revolution with the layman's eye. A few months later, in Czechoslovakia, I took a couple of days off from my main study to visit collective farms. Back in Prague, I was told I was the first western politician who had asked to do so. 'Come back at harvest time,' I was told by a leading Czech Communist, 'and we will let you see everything you want.'

But, even if he is shown everything, the layman may see very little. So I suggested to the Czechs that they should also invite three of our leading Socialist farmers – John Mackie, Labour MP for Enfield, Wilfred Cave and Tony Harman. All of them had already studied Communist farming elsewhere and jumped at the chance of seeing it in unusually favourable conditions. For in Czechoslovakia the Communists are not building, as they were in Russia, on poor foundations.

Though Slovakia, before the war, was backward and impoverished, there had been extensive land reform in Bohemia and Moravia. With an educated and industrious population, a tradition of rural co-operation and local self-government and a Communist Party that has been a mass movement ever since 1920, this is the ideal place to test the merits of collectivisation. In order to avoid seeing one country in isolation, John Mackie and I arranged to spend a few days in East Germany on the way home. The contrast we found between the solid achievements of the Czechs and the slippery problems still facing the German Communists well justified the detour.

Perhaps it was because we were the first British party ever to ask to study their farming that the Czech Communists were so helpful. They arranged for us to see not the most successful collectives but a fair cross-section; and when we had 'fulfilled' their plan, they agreed that we should spend most of one day driving to places selected by us and stopping at farms where we knew no preparations had been made. It is a small country and we covered a good deal of it, from Karlsbad to the Tatra mountains and south to Bratislava and the Austrian frontier.

We spent a whole week-end living in a collective that has become rich growing wine and cucumbers, as well as wheat and beet, on the deep black earth of southern Moravia. But we also visited farms struggling for existence on the foothills of the Carpathians, as well as pioneer groups who had taken over completely deserted homesteads in the Sudetenland and were trying to make a go of them. The two main obstacles we had to overcome were, first, the language (few country people talk German and even fewer English); and, secondly, the excitement caused by the arrival of four British 'kulaks' in a convoy of huge black cars in the backwoods of a Communist state.

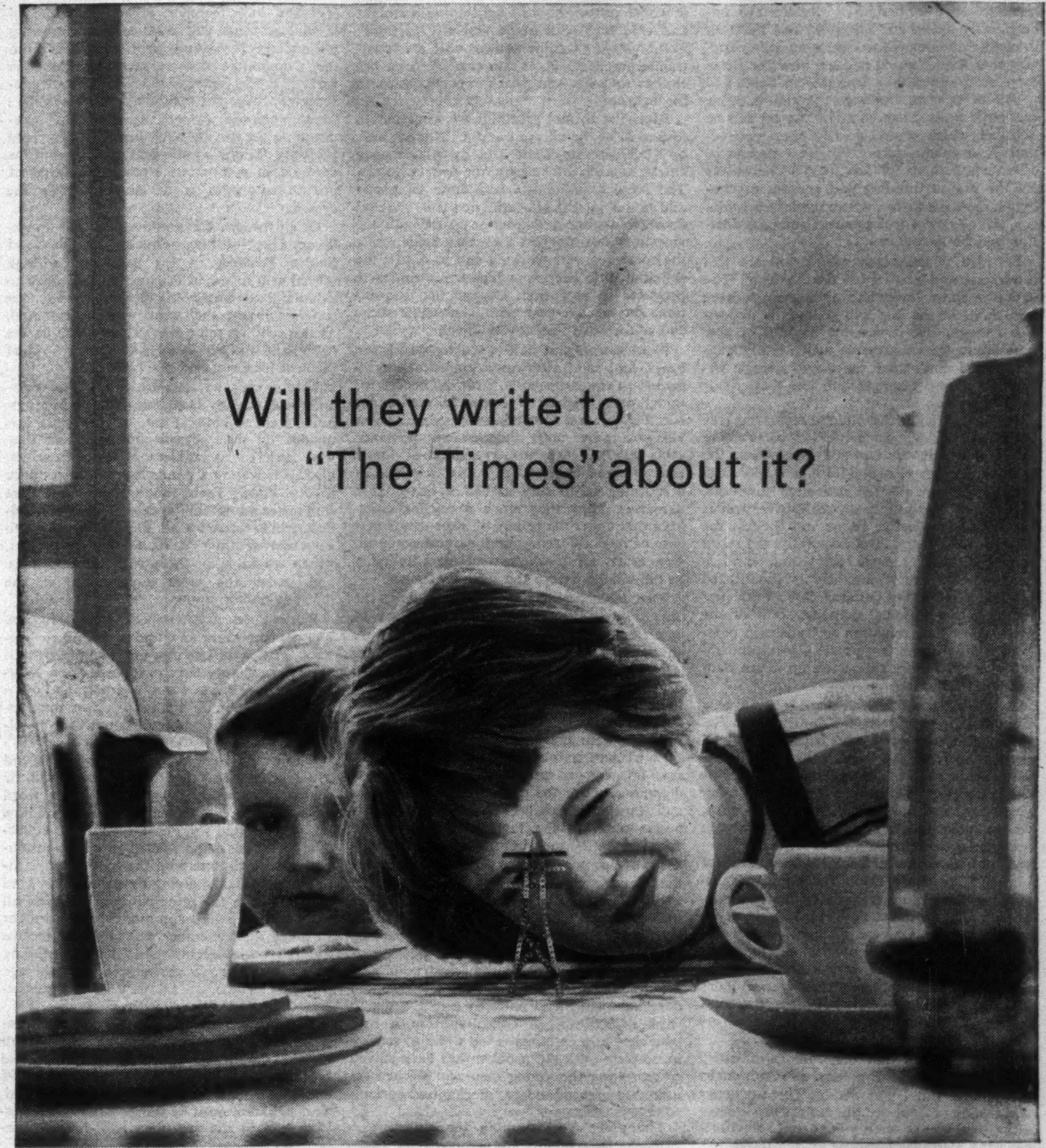
In what follows I have tried to report only what the four of us saw and heard at first hand. Without the others I should have been helpless, but the conclusions I have drawn are, of course, my own.

Let's start with some general impressions. In contrast with East Germany, where the Communists have got stuck in an agonising half-way house, the Czechoslovak revolution is pretty well complete. With the single exception of watch-repairing, I could find no human activity that had not been collectivised. There is *no* private industry or private trade and, apart from a few mountain areas, virtually no private farming. This means that the strip system and the parcelisation of the country into tiny holdings has gone for good.

Travelling by air is the best way to see this. You look down on the big new fields and you can tell whether you are passing over a state farm or a collective by noticing whether there is still a patch of one-acre strips close to the village. For the state farms are worked by salaried managers and hired labourers, who cultivate no land of their own, whereas, on most of the collectives, the members still possess, in addition to the fields and herds they run jointly, a private half-hectare and private livestock that they manage for themselves. But, despite these vestiges of private farming. the opposition of the peasants has been overcome; the revolution is now irrevocable.

What has been the effect of this social upheaval on agricultural production? Touring the country at harvest time, we were able to see that, despite a difficult year, the crops were in good condition and (in contrast with East Germany) the fields were clean and there was very little cultivated land going to waste. My companions were unanimous that the standard of arable farming, as we saw it in hundreds of miles of countryside, was well up to that of western Europe.

Of course, labour is still wastefully employed in a way no capitalist could afford, and this sometimes cancels out the benefits of the new machines we saw everywhere. Some of these machines were of excellent Czech or East German design. Others, particularly the



By the time these children are ten years older, Britain's power demands will have doubled. But the number of transmission towers will *not* have doubled. On the contrary—because the Central Electricity Generating Board is adopting 400,000 volt transmission, fewer new towers will be needed. The new power system will use some existing towers, suitably reinforced, and a limited number of new, slightly taller ones. By Act of Parliament, the C.E.G.B. must provide an efficient, economical electricity supply, while preserving visual amenity as far as possible.

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maize and potato harvesters, were Russian monsters that seemed to a western eye unnecessarily heavy and complex. But the men in charge obviously knew their business; and, now that the upheaval is over, now the strips have been joined into sensible big fields and scores of peasant holdings merged into big economic units, huge sums of capital can be invested, which should greatly boost production. In economic terms, the chief success of collectivisation so far has been to substitute for the peasant holding and peasant psychology large-scale farms, where modern machinery, techniques of management and crop rotation can be introduced.

Slovakia is the place where you see this modernisation in its most drastic form. The new Bratislava – over half of it seems to have been built in the last five years – is impressive enough. But it was the amount of new building in the countryside which really staggered us. I don't think there was a single village we passed through with less than 30 or 40 new homes.

As for agriculture itself, the old farmyards inside the village are being left to crumble away. Now, on the leeward side, where the smell blows away, magnificent new buildings are being erected – the collective cowsheds, the collective pigsties, the collective broiler factory, the collective barns and shelters for the new machinery. Architecturally, the result is not attractive, since everything rural is despised and everything new is constructed on uninspired urban patterns. But all this new building is a physical demonstration of the Communist determination to transform peasant farming into a large-scale agricultural industry and to bring village life up to the standards of the towns.

It was when we entered these splendid new farm buildings and took a look at the livestock inside that our doubts began. Of course, one has to remember that, unlike our British dairy herds, most of the collectivised herds we saw in Czechoslovakia were formed only a few years ago, out of individual peasant's cows, whose main function was to pull a plough and not provide milk. Moreover, each peasant, not unnaturally, kept his best cow for himself! Another reason for poor milk records is the failure to provide the necessary protein diet, a deficiency aggravated, as we learnt, by the Chinese drought, which has compelled the Peking government to cancel its promised export of soya beans. Nevertheless, we got the impression that, even in dairy farming and livestock production, the most difficult consequences of the upheaval are now being overcome.

I had assumed that the state farm would provide the standard pattern of Communist agriculture. But I was wrong. Three-quarters of farming is done by big collectives – never more than one to each village and sometimes covering a group of two or three villages. We visited no less than ten, but perhaps I had better try to give a picture of the one – some 3,000 acres in extent – where we spent our first week-end. Its office is in the centre of the village – in the same building as the district council. And here they are waiting to receive us.

First the 34-year-old chairman, who helped to farm his father's five acres until, in 1950, he became a Communist and went away for four years' agricultural schooling. Then the *Zootechnischer*, who proved, despite his title, to be a cowman without schooling; the economist who ran his own two acres until he too went to school and learnt book-keeping; the agronomist, a tractor driver, now responsible for the crops; and finally the technical manager, in whose council house I am staying the night and who turns out to be the only foreigner in the village (both he and his wife are town-trained intellectuals, as you can tell from her clothes and his van Gogh reproductions in the bedroom).

After the formal greetings we went out to find most of the village standing around; and, on the other side of the street, stood six open carriages, each drawn by a fine pair of horses. The local Communists had done us proud and it was in real old-fashioned style that we drove, bumping and jolting, up through the vineyards, down across the wheat fields where the combines were working and back past the delicious little gherkins which this black earth produces in profusion. Despite the disquisitions on the five-year plan, the whole scene had a curiously Tolstoyan flavour.

Next morning at half-past five the klaxon brays, and soon afterwards loudspeakers, attached to the lamp-posts, emit the orders for each work brigade. I begin to realise the social revolution that has taken place. These villagers were once independent peasants, each with his own property, great or small, and proud of his freedom either to get up of a morning or to stay in bed sleeping off a hangover. Now they work a regular eight-hour day under the orders of a thrusting, new elite of half a dozen young, earnest modernisers, nearly all of whom were mere nobodies in the village before the new revolution.

That night we were invited to a gala at the community centre in a nearby village. As we entered the hall, the tables on the left were all empty – reserved for the new elite. On the right-hand side they were packed by the women members in traditional peasant costume and draped kerchiefs. In the gallery above, laughing scornfully and self-consciously, were the younger generation, with their modern hair-dos and modern clothes. I saw no woman under 40 wearing peasant dress, except for the performers on the stage, and learnt that this was because all the girls prefer work in the factory. And where, I asked, were the men? Outside, in the bar.

I was not surprised to learn that, whereas the management committee are young, the average age of the rank-and-file member of this collective is over 50 – and this is true throughout Czechoslovakia. With varying degrees of scepticism and psychological resistance, the older people in the countryside now acquiesce in the new order. But their sons and daughters will travel miles by bus in order to work in industry. If collectivisation is irrevocable – as it certainly is – it will also remain incomplete until the problem has been solved of recruiting the young men and women required to man a modern, mechanised agriculture.

The method of running the collective – planning its accounts and assessing the earnings of its members – is completely standardised. After our first three or four days we knew enough about the system to be able to inspect the books quickly, assess how a collective was doing and form some idea of the standard of living it was achieving for its members. All payment is by results and, in addition to his money earnings, each member receives his *naturalia*, a percentage bonus in kind, distributed when the harvest comes in.

In one prosperous vine-growing farm, I discovered that the top tractor driver this year is receiving 1,000 crowns a month and on top of this one ton of wheat, ten hundred-weight of potatoes, five hundred-weight of maize, 70 gallons of milk and 70 gallons of wine. (Since the wine is all consumed on the spot and each member, in addition, seemed to have an illegal still in his cellar for brewing plum brandy, I was not surprised to hear from the Communist district secretary that the party is trying, without much success, to prevent the collective extending its vineyards!) These *naturalia*, as well as everything produced on the private half-hectare, can be sold perfectly legally on the free market and, as a result, in prosperous areas a new kind of private enterprise is developing inside the system.

Of all this the Communists are well aware. 'Every Czech still has something of the Good Soldier Schweik in his make-up,' a high official said to me in Prague, 'and we have to assume that, whatever rules we make, our people will keep their nests warmly feathered. That is why we must always keep them on the move, and the next stage will be to get rid of the half-hectares and the *naturalia*.'

This remark left me breathless. The peasants have already been put through four upheavals since 1948. First, all the land was divided up into peasant holdings and they were ordered to cultivate it for themselves, merely delivering a percentage of the produce to the state. Then, when they were just settling down to this system, they were bullied, while retaining all their livestock, into surrendering their fields to the collectives, which would farm them with the assistance and under the close supervision of the machine-tractor stations.

Phase Three was complete collectivisation. The peasants were now told to pool their livestock, except for one cow and one pig, as well as any machinery they possessed. Soon afterwards came Phase Four – amalgamation – when a number of small collectives were integrated into a single unit, comprising a village or a whole district.

One would have thought this was the end of the process and that the peasants would be permitted to settle down. But no, the word has been given and the party agitators are now busily preparing for Phase Five. Each collective must now be persuaded to pass a resolution voluntarily merging the half-hectares into common fields, giving up payment in kind and accepting the principle that in future all work will be paid for in money. In return for so doing, each member will in future receive the full social security payments, including excellent children's allowances and old age pensions, which up till now have been reserved for industrial workers.

Thus, in the words of the Communist propagandists, the country worker will slough off the last trace of his peasanthood and reach equality with the town worker. 'Of course we shall work on them,' I was told. 'Our agitation must be sympathetic but relentless. And in the end they will do it voluntarily. There will be no compulsion.'

Whenever I heard it – and it was used very often – I was highly suspicious of that word 'voluntary'. This revolution was not accomplished without some fairly rough handling of the big peasants. Nevertheless, I suspect that much less compulsion has been used than most of us imagine in the West. In the whole of our tour we never saw a policeman in the countryside. Indeed, in the districts we visited, the nominal strength of the police was under half the normal complement for British counties. Even the Communist Party, in comparison with what I had seen in China, was extremely self-effacing. Some of the collectives I visited had only one or two Communists out of a dozen members of the management com-

INDEPENDENT TELEVISION FOR SCHOOLS JOINT PLANS–*AUTUMN TERM (SEPT. 18–DEC. 1)*

These programmes for the Autumn Term, starting on Monday, September 18, which have been approved by the Educational Advisory Councils and Committees of Associated-Rediffusion, Associated Television and Granada TV Network, will be transmitted on the Independent Television Network on the days and at the times indicated below. The joint service provides 10 series of programmes a week, which between them cover a wide range of subjects and are designed to meet the needs of children in primary and secondary schools between the ages of nine and eighteen.

Autumn Term: (September 18—December 1)

Monday	2.35	The World Around Us	*About 10*
	3.00	Ici La France	*Sixth Forms*
	3.25	The Story of Industry	*About 14*
Tuesday	2.35	Summing It Up (Mathematics)	*About 10*
	2.53	Discovery (Science)	*Sixth Forms*
	3.25	French From France	*3rd year of French*
Wednesday	2.35	Summing It Up (Mathematics)	*About 10*
	2.53	Design (Arts Series)	*15–18*
Thursday	2.35	Chez les Dupré	*2nd year of French*
Friday	2.35	Looking About (History/Civics)	*9–13*
	3.00	Hamlet	*13 and over*

There will be these additional transmissions in the following areas:

ASSOCIATED-REDIFFUSION–THE LONDON AREA
and all other areas except The Midlands and The North

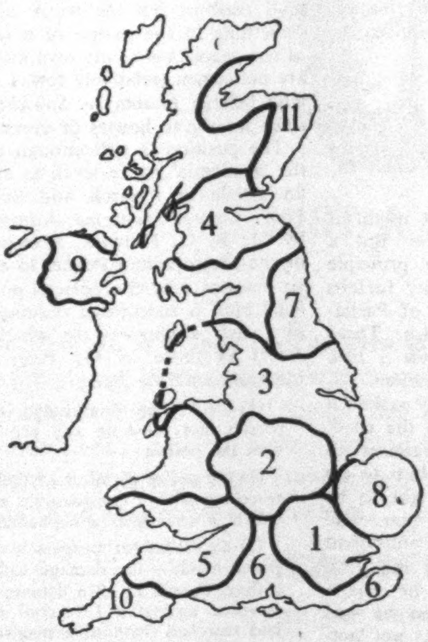
Wednesday	3.25	The Story of Industry	*About 14*
Thursday	2.55	The World Around Us	*About 10*
	3.20	Hamlet	*13 and over*
Friday	3.30	Chez les Dupré	*2nd year of French*

ASSOCIATED TELEVISION–THE MIDLANDS

Wednesday	3.25	Ici La France	*Sixth Forms*
Thursday	2.55	Chemistry	*Sixth Forms*
	3.20	French From France	*3rd year of French*
Friday	3.30	Chemistry	*Sixth Forms*

GRANADA TV–THE NORTH
and TWW — South Wales and the West of England

Wednesday	11.40	Design (Arts Series)	*15–18*
Thursday	11.40	Discovery (Science)	*Sixth Forms*
	1.00	Design (Arts Series)	*15–18*
Friday	1.00	Discovery (Science)	*Sixth Forms*



FULL DETAILS FROM:

1 LONDON AREA. CHANNEL 9.
Associated-Rediffusion Ltd., Television House, Kingsway, London, W.C.2.

2 MIDLAND AREA. CHANNEL 8.
Associated Television Ltd. (ATV), 150 Edmund Street, Birmingham, 3.

3 NORTHERN AREA. CHANNEL 9 LANCASHIRE.
CHANNEL 10 YORKSHIRE.
Granada TV Network Ltd., Manchester, 3.

4 CENTRAL SCOTLAND AREA. CHANNEL 10.
Scottish Television Ltd. (STV), Theatre Royal, Glasgow, C.2.

5 SOUTH WALES AND THE WEST OF ENGLAND AREA. CHANNEL 10.
TWW Ltd., Pontcanna Studios, Cardiff.

6 CENTRAL SOUTHERN AREA. CHANNEL 11.
SOUTH EAST AREA. CHANNEL 10.
Southern Television Ltd., Southern Television Centre, Northam, Southampton.

7 NORTH EAST AREA. CHANNEL 8.
Tyne Tees Television Ltd. (TTT),
The Television Centre, City Road, Newcastle-upon-Tyne, 1.

8 EAST ANGLIA AREA. CHANNEL 11.
Anglia Television Ltd., Anglia House, Norwich.

9 NORTHERN IRELAND AREA. CHANNEL 9.
Ulster Television Ltd., Havelock House, Ormeau Road, Belfast, 7.

10 SOUTH WEST AREA. CHANNELS 9 and 12.
Westward Television Ltd., Century House, Lockyer Street, Plymouth.

11 NORTH EAST SCOTLAND AREA. CHANNELS 9 and 12.
Grampian Television Ltd., 498 Union Street, Aberdeen.

All schools registered with their local Independent Television Company will have received Teachers' Notes for the Autumn Term. Any schools requiring details of the programmes should write to the Schools Information Office of the appropriate company listed above.

ASSOCIATED-REDIFFUSION **ASSOCIATED TELEVISION** **GRANADA TV**

mittee, and all these committees were composed predominantly of local people – peasants, sons of peasants or agricultural workers from the district.

No, it was not compulsion that was applied, but sustained pressure. In the first place, every kind of discrimination was imposed on those peasants who stayed out of the collectives, including heavier taxes and exhorbitant charges for the hire of machinery they were not permitted to buy. Secondly, anyone who opposed the plan was made to feel a terrible sense of isolation.

In the countryside, even more than in the town, the plan seems to dominate life. Already in 1961 the peasant knows with terrifying precision the extra tons of wheat, the litres of wine, the pounds of butter that his collective must produce by 1965 and the extra head of cattle that each acre must carry. To a westerner, the fixity of this future is depressing. But it cannot be denied that it compels the countryside to look to the future and turns its past into pre-history, which may be seen by the elderly as a Golden Age but to which there can be no return.

It seems clear that collectives of the type I visited in Czechoslovakia could never be established in a country which retains western freedom and the right of opposition. The peasant can be dragged in 12 years through all the stages of 'de-peasanting' that I have described only in a one-party state, where there is no alternative to acquiescence.

This was a lesson that was brought home by a two-day tour of Mecklenburg. While collectivisation is forging ahead in Czechoslovakia, it is stumbling along in East Germany, and the reason for this is not that the Germans are worse Communists or worse farmers than the Czechs, but quite simply that *Czechoslovakia has a closed frontier, whereas East Germany had not*. The fact that the peasant in the DDR is urged, day and night, by radio and television to resist would not in itself have been sufficient to obstruct the Communists. What defeated them – at least until 13 August last – was the gap in the iron curtain presented by West Berlin, and the possibility of another life. In Czechoslovakia, with its tightly closed frontier, there is no alternative. And, once they have achieved acquiescence, the Communists can go ahead.

But acquiescence is not enough, especially in the country of Schweik. A dedicated Communist elite must be formed and strengthened by an ever growing group of non-political but prosperous, and therefore loyal, technicians and managers. Furthermore, this developing elite must devote many of its leisure hours to the education of the masses, rousing them from their lethargy and stimulating them to become active participants in the plan. Czechoslovakia has ceased to be democratic in any western sense of the word. But, in some of the collectives I visited, there is emerging a new kind of grass-roots democracy. This was one of the most encouraging things we discovered on our tour.

Instead of meekly accepting the plan from the district council, these collectives are being encouraged by their chairmen to discuss and criticise it and to send back counter-suggestions. Of course, we had no way of discovering how common this is. But it is clear that the Communists, though they often cannot overcome the resistance they themselves have created by the brutal tempo of their change, do believe in this grass-roots democracy and genuinely want to encourage it.

As they told me frankly, they realise that collectivisation can succeed in the long run only if the older people can be stirred out of their apathy and actively participate in self-government, and if the younger generation can get rid of their scepticism about the collectives. Unless this is achieved, the flight from the land, which is already a major problem, will continue and the Communists may well be faced with the paradox of magnificent new buildings, new machines and new homes, but without the new people they require.

The Rolling-Pin Case

C. H. ROLPH

At the personal expense of £8 3s. in costs, Mrs Kathleen Wilson, of Huddersfield, has hewn a niche in legal history. She did it with a rolling-pin. Police constable Taylor had called at her house to 'make inquiries' about 'the trouble her children had been causing'. It seems that he 'crossed the threshold and attempted to set up a right to stay there'. She told him to get out. PC Taylor was given no time for decision. Mrs Wilson's son, aged 15, followed up her rolling-pin attack with a hammer. Both were arrested for 'assault on police', and because they failed to go quietly to the police station they were also charged with 'disorderly conduct', which led to a 'conditional discharge' for Mrs Wilson, plus a £10 fine for assaulting one of the policemen taking her to the station. But the Huddersfield magistrate ruled that the blow with the rolling-pin, since it was an assertion of 'a person's right to privacy in his home', and since the policeman was a trespasser from the moment he was told to go, was not an assault on a policeman in the execution of his duty.

There is no special punishment for assaulting a policeman, on or off duty, unless he is at the moment exercising some definable duty. To hit one who is not thus engaged may be a 'common assault', as it might if someone were to hit you or me. But a wealth of case-law supports the principle that a policeman exceeding his duty forfeits the special protection of any Act of Parliament penalising assaults on police. Three cases, all occurring in 1935, threw a new light on several aspects of this problem.

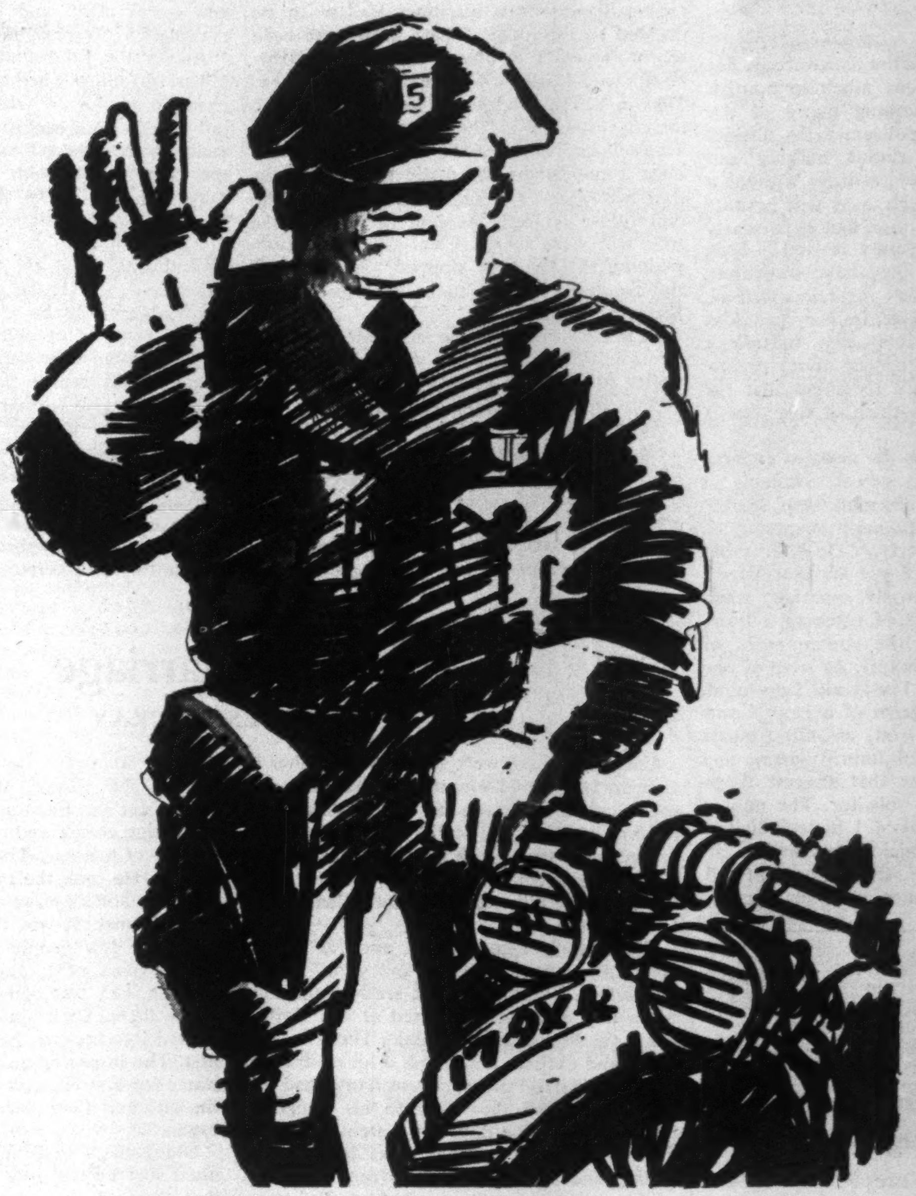
In *Davis v. Lisle*, Mr Davis had parked a motor vehicle where it obstructed the road, and PC Lisle went into his premises to inquire about it. Mr Davis told him to go out, the policeman claimed the right to be there, and Mr Davis assaulted him. The High Court held that even if the policeman had a right to go in and make inquiries, which remained in some doubt, he was a trespasser from the moment when he was asked to leave. Thenceforth he was not 'acting in the execution of his duty', with the result that Mr Davis could not be convicted either of assaulting or of obstructing him in that capacity. In *Duncan v. Jones*, a Communist speaker, Mrs Kathleen Duncan, was about to address a meeting outside Brixton Labour Exchange when a police inspector told her the meeting would not be allowed because a previous one near by had led to a 'breach of the peace'. She persisted, the police officer arrested her, and her conviction for obstructing him 'in the execution of his duty' was upheld because 'it is the duty of a police officer to prevent breaches of the peace which he reasonably apprehends'.

Mrs Duncan's case aroused great indignation at the time – Fascists were then causing street corner 'breaches of the peace' with what looked like impunity; and any history of civil liberties in England would be incomplete without her story. But the last of my three cases, *Thomas v. Sawkins*, has led in a roundabout way to some misplaced confidence among policemen as to the right to enter premises. A meeting was held in a public hall in Glamorgan to protest against the Incitement to Disaffection Act, 1934, and to demand (for related reasons) the dismissal of the Chief Constable of Glamorgan. Not unnaturally, the latter sent a couple of plain clothes men along to see how things went. There had been disturbances and 'seditious speeches' in this hall before. Admission was free to the public, an expression which did not include policemen. They were asked to leave and refused.

Mr Thomas, one of the organisers, then hustled Sergeant Sawkins towards the door, and in due course received a summons for assaulting a police officer in the execution of his duty. The local magistrates convicted him, and his appeal to the High Court was unsuccessful because he failed to establish that the police were trespassers at the meeting and could therefore lawfully be ejected. Now the headnotes to some of the accredited reports of this case (to say nothing of footnotes in some of the text-books) declare that 'the police have the right to enter premises where they believe that the commission of an offence is imminent, as well as when an offence is being or has been committed'. To anyone reading no further this would entitle a policeman to walk into houses for a thousand reasons; but the word 'offence' means something in the nature of a serious breach of the peace. Yet to my own knowledge there are policemen (relatively few, I should think) who believe *Thomas v. Sawkins* to be their *open sesame* to houses of every kind.

The position is well enough understood at the 'academic' police level, as appeared from an article on 'Search and Seizure' in the *Police College Magazine*, Autumn 1954 issue, by Mr R. G. Fenwick, a barrister member of the Metropolitan Police. In effect, he gave six reasons why the present policy of extra-legal bluff is succeeding reasonably well, despite such disclosures (to which he did not refer) as those in Mr Peter Wildeblood's book *Against the Law*:

> (1) the average Englishman is a law-abiding person, not relishing any prolonged contacts with the police;
>
> (2) the police do most of their entering and searching with a considerable amount of tact, which is sometimes a euphemism for artifice;
>
> (3) an action for trespass wouldn't hurt the police much – the damage suffered is always trifling, though in 1926 damages of £100 were awarded against a Liverpool policeman who had searched (without a magistrate's warrant) the premises of a man arrested for warehouse-breaking;
>
> (4) a negative result of the search is often so great a relief to the occupier (who may be fearful that the police will find something that they are not looking for) that relief vanquishes resentment;
>
> (5) evidence wrongfully obtained by the search is nonetheless admissible in a criminal case (the American courts have stamped on this years ago);



JUST A MINUTE, BUSTER!

WHADDYA think *you're* doing? Lent ya eyes to ya Grandma to read the Declaration? *No,* wise guy? Then how come you missed the signs? We're making with the welcome in this precinct, and we don't want no broken-down jalopies spoilin' the outlook. It's the Veeps, Buster, the VEEPS . . . straight off the Boeing from England. Had themselves the sky-time of their lives . . . wining, dining, getting the kind of sweetness-and-light treatment that makes Pollyanna look like Lizzie Borden. This town's got sump'n to live up to, boy. Yeah, that's right—Air India. For a private eye, you pick up a fast clue. And now move over, will ya . . . here they come.

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(6) most law-breakers are ignorant of their rights.

Mrs Kathleen Wilson, no law-breaker until she was aroused, was startlingly aware of her rights. She will have done much to nourish a long-standing fear, among many of the more timid uniformed policemen (as distinct from the CID), that almost nothing can justify going into private premises without a magistrate's warrant. Such men will hesitate on the threshold of a house, and particularly of a club, although urgently invited – even begged – to come in. They have sometimes declined to do so in cases of serious felony, later paying the price in disciplinary penalties for 'neglect of duty'. It is easy to take a hostile view of police behaviour about 'private premises'; but easier still to forget that the law of averages allows them at any rate a sprinkling of morons.

These come most into the news in connection with a local police power, available in London and a few big cities, to 'stop, search, and detain' people *reasonably* suspected of conveying stolen property. ('Do you mind telling me what you've got in that bag?') Many people mind intensely, especially when they are within seconds of catching a train, but uncertainty about the consequences of refusal leads them to comply. As soon as one of them has said 'Yes, I'm afraid I do mind, officer', you have the germ of a High Court action for wrongful arrest, assault, trespass to the person, unlawful imprisonment, and any further refinements that suggest themselves to a resourceful solicitor. The nub of any such case is the word I have italicised. If the policeman's suspicion was in the circumstances 'reasonable', the action will fail. The police settle a proportion of such actions out of court, since even in a jury trial the reasonableness is a question of law to be decided by the judge. 'There must have been recent larcenies or losses in the neighbourhood', said Lord Hewart, LCJ, in *Ludlow v. Shelton* (1938), 'or some similar reason to attach suspicion to the person *before* he is accosted and questioned'. The trouble is that once a policeman has made his request, he dare not accept a refusal, since the man who will refuse is likely enough to be the man who will write to the Chief Constable complaining that he was stopped and asked. If the constable's act is to be reported, it had better be complete.

In a 1955 case a police superintendent told the High Court that in one Metropolitan Police sub-division alone (Kensington), 1,470 people were stopped in this way in the year 1953, but that less than five per cent of them were further detained. It has been the means of restoring much stolen property to its owners, and of convicting many thieves whose booty remains ownerless. In those police areas where this power does not exist (the great majority) there is a policemanly hunger for it. But parliament hates the sight and sound of it, and is much more likely, eventually, to repeal the whole lot.

As for the Englishman's front door, it is difficult to know whether there is any general trend in favour of telling policemen to get out. There is an unmistakable move towards enabling them to get in, a steady increase in the variety of warrants by which magistrates may authorise entry 'if need be by force'. Three surviving instances in which the police are accustomed to go in without any vestige of authority – but are seldom challenged for doing so – are (1) the search for incriminating evidence, (2) the arrest of deserters, and (3) the removal of children in need of care or protection. The Ingleby Report recommended that senior police officers be empowered to give formal authorisation for the last of these. If ever that proposal comes before parliament we shall hear once again, with many variations, the voice of Sir Edward Coke in *Semayne's case* (1624) – 'the house of every one is to him as his castle and fortress' – though in practice it has been untrue for three centuries.

In its September issue
Universities Quarterly publishes
a series of articles entitled
The Popularity of Oxford and Cambridge?
The contributors are
Sir Charles Morris, Noel Annan,
Prof. G. K. T. Conn, A. H. Halsey
and Prof. W. J. M. Mackenzie.

Other articles include views
from Leeds and Sierra Leone on
Mass Civilization and Adult
Education; A-Level and Pass
Degree in Physics; and
Specialization in Medicine.

Universities Quarterly

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Mixed Marriage

MERCEDES MACKAY

Enenou and Ali were shepherds together in Cyprus. It was mid-summer, so the sheep and goats had to be driven far to find patches of fodder on the dry hills. Enenou's small brother used to go with her, but after he hurt his leg she went alone. They had met, and wandered the hills together, and fallen in love and that was that.

They had just gone away, and for several nights they were lost to everyone except themselves. The Greek men scoured the hills for a day, and then gathered at old Toffis's place to discuss the scandal. They became angry and excited, and drank a lot of draught wine and *ouzo*. For years now Toffis had left the serving and the work to his daughter, while he sat in the doorway watching the life of the village. Now there was heavy foreboding and excitement which reminded him of the emergency, when his bar was the meeting place for EOKA. It was just as it used to be when they came from the hills to get supplies, avoiding the police jeep parked round the corner. There was a jeep there again now, and soon the old weapons would come out, with the sticks, the stones and the knives. Most of the women stayed with Enenou's mother to comfort her in her trouble.

Inspector Christos Theodoulou knew all about trouble, just how much, and when it would strike. He could sense the rise of the fever, and he could foretell almost to the hour when the march to the Turkish quarter would begin. He had gone there and had seen the shutters going up, and doors and windows being strengthened.

It was when young Yanarros began to shout and incite that the time came to act. He sent for reinforcements, and then set off in a jeep with one constable. It didn't take long to find them. People could hide almost indefinitely, but good binoculars could pick out the dust from flocks a very long way away. The two of them stood defiant hand in hand when the jeep approached. The inspector left the boy with the animals, and took the girl into protective custody. She cried all the way back in the jeep. The boy followed, almost running, shouting at strays, as he drove the flock towards the village. When he reached the police station, Enenou looked happier and was eating cheese and cucumber.

Now Christos Theodoulou made his gamble. He took the two of them and a few police to Toffis's place and sat them at a table in the corner. It was the hottest part of the day, with few people about. Enenou's relatives arrived next, and then Ali's relatives came in with two constables, and set tensely beside them. Soon almost all the village was packed into the bar. No one said anything at first. The inspector quietly ordered *ouzo* and water for himself, and coffee for the boy and the girl and their parents. Then the talking began.

Old Toffis wished he was nearer. From his usual seat by the door he could not hear all that was said. People spoke in turn, and there were interruptions, murmurings and some shouting. He heard the boy Ali say something, and then he felt the atmosphere change. He sensed mollification in spite of Turkish protests. Someone told him that the boy had offered to leave the country. Then the girl spoke, and there were sobs from her mother, and a silence. Presently there was a scraping of chairs and general movement. Through the crowd came the boy and the girl and the Turkish relatives. They left in silence, and walked away in a tight little group down the street. The inspector came to the door with Enenou's mother, who was still crying, and he watched her go away in another direction with her husband and family.

'It will be hard for them,' said the Inspector. 'Before they can marry she must become a Moslem. They think she is lost. But perhaps, when there are children . . .' He smiled. The noise in the bar swelled behind them; there was emotion in it, a little indignation, even some laughter. Old Toffis looked mystified.

'Enenou said she would go with him. That made them sentimental,' explained the inspector.

The old man shook his head. He even looked a little disappointed. 'A year ago there would have been bloodshed,' he said.

Correspondence

REASON VERSUS THE MUSHROOM

SIR, – In your examination of the reasons why the Soviet government have recommenced nuclear tests, you leave out the most obvious. According to you Krushchev's decision is 'brutal' and he is indulging in brinksmanship. How dare he? I seem to have heard these words during the long period of atomic dominance of the West, when 'negotiation from strength' was popular with Dulles, and the Pentagon was busy telling the Soviet Union precisely how they would reduce her to ashes.

Here surely are the lessons the Soviet Union must have drawn:

(1) Get strong quickly, for only military strength counts with these gentlemen. Nuclear bombs depend on the discovery of certain physical facts. Get cracking.

(2) Be realistic. If a world war is fought it will be total; that or nothing. Banning nuclear bombs therefore must be a real step to *total disarmament*. If the latter is not seriously undertaken, the former is a mere pretext for weakening *our* negotiations from strength.

(3) But total disarmament is denied by the fact of the rearming of Germany and its role as the spearhead once more of a new war against the Soviet Union. It is therefore vital that Germany be kept divided.

If these are believed as facts by the Soviet Union then we are reaping the inevitable harvest of the Dulles-Pentagon policy. Sitting on the doorstep of the Soviet Embassy because it has taken the 'first step' in banning the ban is surely shallow analysis. Had a corresponding protest been made during the Dulles days of brinkmanship it might have been meaningful. (Unilateral disarmament for Britain is another matter.) Ultimately there is no way out of this except total disarmament. Krushchev has said so repeatedly, but Macmillan and Kennedy are silent. There is no need to suggest as you do that these new tests are merely an exhibition of brutality, and nothing more. To me it was obvious that they were intended to make the solution of the disarmament problem more urgent. In this it has already succeeded. If it could make the solution more likely, the 'brutality' would perhaps be well worth the price. Meanwhile you, Sir, do not improve the situation by talking about 'our essential rights in Berlin'. I do not know of any rights there more essential than the preservation of mankind.

HYMAN LEVY

25 Home Park Road
SW19

SIR, – The resumption of nuclear bomb testing raises two separable issues. One is the increased tension and suspicion that follows any ostentatious military action; this is, naturally, to be deplored and all the powers are culpable. The other is the world-wide danger to health from any increase in radio-active fall-out, and here the French and Russians deserve more condemnation for their recent tests than the Americans, if the latter abide by their undertaking to make underground tests only.

Those of us who, for many years, have pointed out that fall-out is dangerous, and that death and disability are a natural and inevitable consequence of above-ground bomb tests, are pleased at the belated recognition of this fact by Kennedy and Macmillan. All the assurances that flowed so smoothly from official scientists a few years ago are now clearly seen to have been dishonest nonsense. There is uncertainty about the extent of the danger, but it is certain that each test above ground kills and injures some people. These tests were tolerated only because of ignorance and because the victims could not be identified. It is very unlikely that testing would have continued for so long if it had caused new infirmities instead of increasing the incidence of those that exist already. While in

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no way condoning the proposed below-ground American tests we must recognise that they will not be a world-wide hazard. The only people who will suffer physically from them are the testers and, perhaps, those who get their water supplies contaminated. Their misfortunes are not a matter of international concern.

N. W. Pirie

42 Leyton Road
Harpenden

Sir, – Is the reason behind the Russian resumption of bomb-testing so perplexing as you make out? It has been our policy since the defeat of Nazi Germany to restore and re-arm Germany, and this policy has been successful; so successful that once again the Germans are re-drawing maps and revising frontiers.

However crude and shocking the Russian decision may have been I have no doubt of its intention. It is to force us to pose the harsh question whether we are prepared to lay down our lives for the cause of a strong, united Germany. You are doing humanity an ill-service by pretending not to see the issue.

If forced to answer this question (and let us hope we get the chance) I say that I don't give a damn about Berlin and the Germans. If it were permanently split into ten parts, let alone two, I'd sleep more soundly.

D. McNulty

31 Harlech Road
N14

Sir, – The final paragraph of your leading article in the issue of 1 September reveals with dismaying clarity the position towards which the New Statesman has been moving during the last few months.

'. . . the prime cause of tension in Central Europe is not the existence of the Iron Curtain but, paradoxically, its fragility – the consequence of the Berlin escape-route and the West's refusal to recognise East Germany. There will be no peace in Europe until the division of Germany is accepted as permanent . . .'

Even that delicately placed 'paradoxically' can scarcely have cushioned the shock for many of your oldest and most grimly steadfast readers, the die-hard, dyed-in-the-wool liberals (with a lower-case 'L') like myself.

The passage sums up an attitude that is rapidly becoming a conditioned reflex of the British Left. Tucked away at the bottom of a column it looks innocuous enough, and you seem hardly aware of having said something that you would once instantly have recognised as blasphemy.

For the sake of a peace as ill-founded and illusory as Mr. Chamberlain's in 1938, you announce yourself ready to sign away the liberties of half Europe. You, who have always – and ostentatiously – upheld the right of political self-determination for all people and all nations; you, who have always – and self-consciously – made yourselves the champions of every minority; you, who have always identified your interests with those of the dispossessed and the refugees, have suddenly changed sides. You have chosen to parade with the warders instead of the prisoners. The stance is grotesquely unbecoming and if you maintain it for long it will leave you crippled.

You urge us to negotiate what is not ours to negotiate. You ask us to accept a new order which would sentence some 17 or 18 million Germans to life imprisonment, turning a vast stretch of Europe into a gaol where the penalty for attempted escape is death.

That this should become the declared policy of the New Statesman seems incredible. Yet it is the line taken by you and most of your contributors. I would be left speechless if I was not able to borrow a little of the breath – and venom – of a writer on your side of the barbed wire. You have betrayed us, Sir. And you have betrayed yourself. I hate you for it.

John Hunter

39 Smith Street
SW3

Sir, – It is a pity that Earl Russell in his fine letter did not recast the matter of his second paragraph so as to hammer home the vital conclusions implicit therein: first, that general disarmament is now the *only* alternative to general annihilation; and second, that in October 1959 the Soviet government proposed to the United Nations that all countries should proceed forthwith to implement general and complete disarmament. This proposal was backed by an appeal by the Supreme Soviet which was printed and published the world over.

So long as western governments continue to ignore this appeal as they have done, any such issues as Berlin or the resumption of testing must surely be prejudged by any thinking person. It must be obvious that, in the absence of any response on the part of western governments to the Soviet appeal such issues are also prejudged by the Russians.

Franklin Sparks

30 St George's Road
Worthing

THE STAGNANT SOCIETY

Sir, – I have long admired R. H. S. Crossman as the most stimulating thinker and writer in the Labour Party, and it was therefore with genuine pride and pleasure that I read his perceptive and generous review of my book, *The Stagnant Society*. But I do feel that at one point he has misunderstood me, and in doing so has sought to impale me on the horns of a false dilemma.

This is where he says: 'You cannot have industrial militancy without political militancy as well'. That depends on what you mean by political militancy. If you mean – as I take it Mr Crossman means – public ownership, controls and the other stocks-in-trade of the Labour Party in the mid-Fifties, then I'm bound to say that I don't see the necessary connection.

But to me, as to Tawney, Socialism is fundamentally 'about equality'. The theme which I have tried to make central to my book is that the road to economic dynamism lies through the classless society, and the role in which I have cast the unions, so far from being a negative one, is as the main agents of social advance in this direction. I am asking them to use their powers, not exclusively to wring more money out of a stagnant economy, but to remove the burdens of insecurity and inequality under which the working classes still labour today. In doing so, I argue, they will not only benefit their own members but they will also help to make our economy more dynamic – and therefore better able to pay higher real wages as well. This may be visionary and impractical – I don't think it is – but I don't see why it should be regarded as un-Socialist or inconsistent.

Michael Shanks

55 Southway
Totteridge, N20

Sir, – For the record, Beatrice Webb was not a 'founder member' of the Fabian Society; she joined it, clearly, because of Sidney, thinking it, on the whole, one of his less important ploys, and did not join its Executive or propose to lead it into action until 1912, when the attempt to 'permeate' the Establishment through the Poor Law campaign had failed. Before then, she did certainly prefer the conversation of some upper-class persons (but not, for example, the Asquiths) to that of Trade Unionists and the ILP; but had little sympathy for MacDonald, later, when he showed the same kind of preference.

Mr Crossman may be cheered in his scolding of Michael Shanks by recollecting that, though she was scarcely 'a young person' but 35 or 36 when she got so cross with Hardie and MacDonald, when she was comfortably over 50 she discovered that her previous eclecticism would not get her any nearer her objects, and that she must leave to work with the solid body of the Left. But – alas for truth! – it was not in her earlier years (see her *Diaries* almost anywhere) that the 'appalling clarity' which Mr Crossman observes was so masked, but during and after the Poor Law campaign. And the absolute certainty, the doubtlessness, was the contribution of Sidney of the 'robust conscience'.

Add that they were both shocking bad politicians in the narrow sense, and what have you?

Margaret Cole

74 Addison Way
NW11

TUC CONGRESS

Sir, – Mr Anthony Howard is mistaken.

(1) I did not protect the President of the AFL/CIO from the chairman of the British Labour Party – ask Mr Crossman.

(2) I had nothing whatever to do with the non-election of Mr Paynter – ask Mr Paynter.

(3) I was not implacably, legalistically or otherwise, opposed to a debate exclusively on Polaris – ask Mr Cousins.

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Mr Howard is right in one thing – it was not by accident that I held up my reply in the ETU debate to allow Mr Frazer to speak. Mr Frazer is one of those ETU leaders whom we said should be debarred from office. He was therefore entitled to speak before the debate was closed.

GEORGE WOODCOCK
General Secretary

Trades Union Congress
Congress House
Great Russell Street
WC1

JOHN BULL'S OTHER PORTUGAL

SIR, – Though initially reading your article on Northern Ireland with some amusement, I have subsequently been shocked by letters from readers who apparently have taken your thesis of the inhuman police state seriously. This so-called police state has developed purely and simply to protect the majority of Ulster people from unpalatable theocracy. To argue that the removal of the border between Eire and Ulster at this stage would be a victory for liberalism is, to put it mildly, naive.

The partition of Ireland recognised the existence of two groups of people with different and incompatible cultures. In this respect it will be appreciated that the political act of removing the border can only be successfully accomplished when the social relations between these groups are improved. Acts of violence, premature political pressures and sentimental articles in liberal journals do not contribute to this end.

As to the challenge of the ballot box, to the Unionist Party of Northern Ireland this is becoming daily more effective since the Northern Ireland Labour Party satisfied the genuine fears of the Northern Ireland worker that the border would remain until evidence was forthcoming from their Southern neighbours that basic freedoms of thought and action would be tolerated. The partition of any country causes injustice as minority groups on both sides of the political line tend to find themselves at some disadvantage – Ireland is no exception – north and south.

By all means let us attack intolerance and religious discrimination, but by making the border a central political issue in the present social climate we are nourishing the powers of reaction. The acceptance of the border by both communities as long as it is desired by either is the only possible way to develop the frame of mind which would permit and indeed welcome a United Ireland.

M. H. STEVENS

Station Road
Ballycarry
Co. Antrim

AN ASIAN FEDERATION

SIR, – It is surprising, and from such a source disturbing, to find John Strachey lulled into supporting a solution for Singapore which is quite unacceptable, judging from recent by-elections, to a not unimportant element, the people of Singapore themselves.

It would be remarkable indeed if this highly advanced, dynamic industrial community of a million and a half were to welcome a rather more static form of colonialism than the British from a group of Islamic Sultans. To force the island state into federation with the Dyak communities of Sarawak could at best only provide a temporary and probably explosive situation. It would antagonise Indonesia, which people appear to forget, if they ever knew it, rules central and southern Borneo, and by injecting a restless, discontented body into that federation it invites a precise repetition of the emergency conditions of 1951-56.

May I suggest that the whole question is bedevilled by the racialist thinking, a heritage of the colonial attitude, that insists on seeing these people as Malays, Indians and Chinese instead of as Malayans fused in the Union that the MacMichael report envisaged in 1945.

In the Singapore trade union movement we found these divisions utterly unreal, and I suggest they would soon become equally unreal in the Malayan Federation if they were not artificially encouraged. In that event the problem of upsetting the balance between Chinese and Malays by including Singapore on equal terms would not arise. The real conflict I suggest cuts across all races, including Europeans. It is a conflict between generations and to some extent between far too disparate income groups. The left and left-of-centre parties in the Federation attract Chinese, Indian and Malay votes and they demand a union with Singapore. We are not told of that in Britain.

Ultimately the issue is the ownership of Malaya's two sources of wealth, tin and rubber, and whether they shall be in public or in (largely foreign) private hands. All other lines of thinking are ultimately unrealistic, and such artificial contrivances as a union to embrace Sarawak, North Borneo and Brunei can only defer and not even disguise the real conflict.

GEORGE EDINGER

Reform Club SW1

THE FIRST MARCHER?

SIR, – Your reviewer, Clancy Sigal, was misled by the British edition of Allen Churchill's *Improper Bohemians*. Harry Kemp is no longer alive, but died about a year ago. This correction affords me a chance to recall one pertinent episode in the life of Mr Kemp, who delighted in being known as the 'Tramp Poet' and who had as keen an eye for the tabloids as for the gentler muse. Harry was in a real sense the first Aldermaston marcher. In 1945, after the explosion of the Hiroshima bomb, Harry conducted a one-man protest march from Provincetown, Mass, to Washington, DC, in order to make one poet's voice heard against the nuclear demon. He wore a suitable placard and marched the long miles to the capital with admirable aplomb. But in another sense the Kemp crusade adumbrated the present movement. It did not, I fear, do much good.

KARL MEYER

Washington, DC

THE DEMOCRATIC INTELLECT

SIR, – Mr Hamish Henderson's plea for a fifth Scottish university on the grounds that, out of an admittedly dead democratic tradition, there could be formed a centre of political opposition is ingenious; but the oftener I hear this demand the more I am convinced that the fifth university is as much a symbol of national vanity to the Scot as the H-bomb is to de Gaulle. If Mr Henderson is taking his stand as a patriot, isn't he getting his priorities confused? Might it not be more sensible to try to employ in Scotland the graduates – and especially Science graduates – which Scotland already produces, instead of founding a fifth university which would only turn the sad flow South from the other four into a sadder torrent. Until they can find comparable work up there it is pointless, whether from patriotic or quasi-political motives, to cry for another university. If the Scots do get it – and after all they did get their Forth road bridge and might soon get Sunday drinking – the only certain result would be overflow sessions at the LCC's Scottish Country Dance Classes.

JOHN FINNIE

186 Bedford Hill Road, SW12

UNDERSTANDING THE SMITHSONS

SIR, – A misprint in my piece on the Smithsons made me appear to attribute a very peculiar activity to the architectural profession. Architects have not underestimated Peter Smithson subliminally (probably an impossible feat) but they have shown that they can *understand* him subliminally.

REYNER BANHAM

CHEF'S CHOICE

SIR, – Sir Stephen King-Hall's offer ignores the flavour of the vegetables, for his chefs could only choose by size and shape, not even by variety. As Honorary Secretary of the Henry Doubleday Research Association I should be glad to offer three prizes of £5 each for the finest flavoured potatoes grown by any method, provided chefs are willing to cook them and a tasting panel can be arranged through the Potato Marketing Board or any consumer research body.

In 1960 we carried out a small trial with 28 tasters, each receiving letter-marked samples of Majestic (chosen as the most tasteless) grown on the same soil by four methods, and 17 people out of 28 put the one grown in chemical fertiliser last, one put it first, four second, six third. This sample had 12 per cent more water content than the one which was compost grown.

This experiment was far too small to be regarded as scientific evidence, but it was the first attempt in history, and details would be gladly supplied to anyone interested.

LAWRENCE D. HILLS

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BOOKS IN GENERAL

The German Queen

V. S. PRITCHETT

In August 1855, when she was 35 and the mother of eight children, Queen Victoria and the Prince Consort went on a state visit to Paris. The Emperor, Napoleon III, and the Empress Eugénie had come to Windsor after a foggy journey in the previous spring and the two Courts vied with each other in royal salutes, firework displays, nights at the opera and all the excitements of a royal jamboree. The celebrations were necessary. The Crimean War had brought the bellicose British and the French adventurer together in one more episode of the long, uncertain Anglo-French love affair.

Years later, when Napoleon was dead and the Empress a refugee in Chislehurst, Queen Victoria took up the Journal* she had kept at the time and wrote it out – as Mr Raymond Mortimer in his introduction surmises – to console her beautiful and unhappy friend. It is an artless, matter-of-fact, but elated document, youthful and revealing in its naive enjoyment. Monarchy is said to provide a fairy tale for the public but Queen Victoria almost childishly saw the two state occasions as a fairy tale devised for herself, complete with an experienced Prince Charming in the person of the Emperor, whose appalling whiskers she admired.

> A lovely morning, pleasant air, with a bright sun, and the delicious fountains playing. Further satisfactory accounts from the Crimea. The Russians have lost more than 3,000 men. The French have buried some, the Russians others.

Queen Victoria is in a dream. She has left the earth and is half-consciously and innocently in love, and with a dedicated roué as unlike her husband as it is possible to imagine.

Yet she has not quite left the earth. There were delicate, diplomatic matters in which a woman might say the right word at the right time. The Emperor was thinking of going to take command of the Allied Forces in the Crimea – not a happy idea. His dear life might be in danger; even worse, British troops would not stand for it. They were already mutinous. Then there was the question of the Orléans family. The Emperor had confiscated their property and the Queen, who intended to go on seeing the Orléans, did not like that at all. Whatever is said of the Queen she was famous for her truthfulness and for her determination to have things out.

How did the French see the Queen? In his bright but rather jaunty book on the private life of the Queen, Mr E. E. P. Tisdall† gives us these observations from a French Marshal. She was short, stout, fussed by the heat – she liked rain – and majestic. Her clothes were hideous, too low in the bosom and too short; and she carried

> an enormous reticule – like those of our grandmothers – made of white satin or silk on which was embroidered a fat poodle in gold . . . She wore geranium flowers placed here, there and everywhere. She had plump hands with rings on every finger, and even on her thumbs; one of these contained a ruby of prodigious size and of a superb blood-red. She found it difficult to use her knife and fork with her hands thus laden like reliquaries, and even more difficult to take off and put on her gloves. On her head was a diamond aigrette pushed well back, and she wore her hair in loops which fell over her ears.

But her eyes were serene, straightforward and intelligent. Her expression was confident and sweet, spoiled only by the stubborn mouth. And her poise was tremendous. She floated along in her crinoline during the rejoicings, with her husband and children clinging tightly in her wake, motherly, possessive, full of purpose. The French called her *La Bonne Mère de Famille* and *Le Home*.

Le Home – disconcerting and comic Gallicism. It inculcates a doubt, now we are far from the Victorian age and closer to intimate knowledge of Victoria. The most domestic of our Queens, the nation's symbol of domesticity, imposed a pattern on her age; but was it not perhaps, like *Le Home*, something not quite English, not even middle-class English, that she imposed? Was it not something starchily bourgeois and German and does not that explain the peculiar difficulty she presented to the Victorians? The more we know of the Victorians the less they have in common with Queen Victoria. The country has never been a matriarchy. The people dislike emotional extremes and are bored by morbidity. They can mourn, but not as a profession. They respect privacy but seclusion seems to them grotesque.

The republicanism that grew up in her unpopular middle years arose from resentment rather than from political contagion, and here, as we can now see, advisers, ministers and the royal circle suffered from that chronic political queasiness which affects any entourage. It tends by nature to be more papist than the Pope. Once the Queen showed herself, the cheers started and the grumbling stopped. John Brown was not pelted with stones, despite the outspokenness of the Press which, like the entourage, misjudges the effect of royal scandal. All the sub-royal vested interests misjudged it. John Brown may have made life hell for ministers, secretaries and generals, but I'm sure Mr Tisdall is right when he says that when the Queen passed by, the London crowd must have sardonically and genially reflected that they had just such an impossible, uncontrollable and defiant old lady in their own families. They liked to see the enormity, the very personal burden, celebrated. They were enthusiastically joining in a gigantic piece of group therapy whose subject was the intolerable elderly-relative complex. The fact is that the British demand dignity and duty when on the job from their monarchs; but are dissatisfied with the prim and immaculate.

Mr Tisdall is not very sensitive or perceptive about the John Brown episode, or the affair of the Munchi – the Indian bodyguard – that followed it. He might have been kinder to a woman whose emotions, having regard to her peculiar upbringing as a child, are not to be judged by average standards. He may be right but he is crude. The Queen was, we now know, more robust than the doleful public face suggested. Lord Clarendon who, in his gossip, always called her Eliza, wrote:

> We basked two nights in the Osborne fog of royalty – Eliza is roaring well and can do everything she likes and nothing she doesn't.

'Roaring well': the words add another item to the traditional picture. We pick up her remark at a Balmoral dinner: 'Mary Tudor? My Bloody ancestor.' Sir Charles Petrie's study‡ of the private and public practice of monarchy in Britain since the Victorian age is milder and more judicious than Mr Tisdall's portrait, but Sir Charles feels bound to quote what Lord Glanville said when he was asked why he did not tell his best stories at Balmoral: 'Why bother in a house where you get a louder laugh by shutting your thumb in the door'. The Queen begins to appear to us like a mixture of national landlady and actress; in her diary after her mother's death, she wrote, 'the approval of the manner in which I have shown my grief is quite wonderful'. Her histrionic powers were great.

The row with Peel, much earlier, about the Ladies of the Bedchamber is distinctly not an episode from the lives of Jane Austen, Charlotte Brontë or George Eliot. The choler is not English. There is a strain of Germanic violence, and the madness of which she was suspected is really Germanic exaltation. No Britannia is capable of it. Nor can one imagine even the dilapidated romps of the Regency galumphing round the ballroom with drunken Highlanders at Balmoral; the scene smacks too strongly of the boar hunt. She was thought to be insane or hysterical when she ordered a photograph of Albert on his death bed to be placed above every bed she slept in, until the end of her days. She was neither. The German imagination moves easily over frontiers, especially those between reality and unreality, life and death. Emotion must go on like some luscious waterfall at a colossal beauty spot.

Mr Tisdall repeats the conjecture that the Queen fell in love with John Brown because she had convinced herself that he was in touch with Albert's spirit; but her nature – which, she once admitted, was 'too passionate' – hardly required a device of that kind. She had been brought up to be alone among carefully chosen adult company and in marrying the Prince Consort she had followed in full happiness the role prescribed for her. But before that her love had been oddly directed, first to Melbourne who, though not an adventurer, was put in an ambiguous position by their unequal relationship; and, after the Prince Consort, we notice that it is a string of adventurers who attract her – Napoleon III, Brown, Disraeli, the rough bohemian Tennyson, the Indian Moslem from the bodyguard, who was even allowed to instal a harem of 'aunts'. She enjoyed exacerbating the racial prejudices (which she did not share) of the British ruling class.

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* *Queen Victoria: Leaves from a Journal. Deutsch. 21s.*

† *Queen Victoria's Private Life. Jarrolds. 21s.*

‡ *The Modern British Monarchy. Eyre & Spottiswoode. 25s.*

A Disraeli and a Napoleon practised flattery, Brown and the others were blunt and rough! The vigorous woman – why describe her as 'besotted' or 'hysterical'? – with her passion for ruling and possessing, simply wanted to be ruled. In our present obsession with sex, we are apt to forget that there is, for some people, a violent need for traumatic love, for love in the imagination, and that it has no relation to the body or even the heart. It is common in those who, like the Queen, have been deprived of their childhood. We return to her excited *Journal* in which she said she felt herself to be living a fairy story when she made the state visit to Paris. Platonic is too weak a word for these climaxes of the mind. Perhaps there is a strong, thick German word for them, a word that conveys the dream that hypnotises. I fail to find it among our own Victorians.

Wodwo

What am I? nosing here, turning leaves over
following a faint stain on the air to the rivers' edge
I enter water. What am I to split
the glassy grain of water looking upward I see the bed
of the river above me upside down very clear
what am I doing here in mid-air? Why do I find
This frog so interesting as I inspect its most secret
interior and make it my own? Do these weeds
know me and name me to each other have they
seen me before, do I fit in their world? I seem
separate from the ground and not rooted but dropped
out of nothing casually I've no threads
fastening me to anything I can go anywhere
I seem to have been given the freedom
of this place what am I then? And picking
bits of bark off this rotten stump gives me
no pleasure and it's no use so why do I do it
me and doing that have coincided very queerly
But what shall I be called am I the first
have I an owner what shape am I what
shape am I am I huge if I go
to the end on this way past these trees and past these trees
till I get tired that's touching one wall of me
for the moment if I sit still how everything
stops to watch me I suppose I am the exact centre
but there's all this what is it roots
roots roots roots and here's the water
again very queer but I'll go on looking

TED HUGHES

Libs, Labs and Rads

English Radicalism: The End? By S. MACCOBY. *Allen & Unwin.* 70s.

Lloyd George: Rise and Fall. By A. J. P. TAYLOR. *Cambridge.* 3s. 6d.

When Dr Maccoby published the first volume of his history of English radicalism in 1935 he gave no hint that another five might follow. He stated simply that his study had arisen from dissatisfaction with the existing orthodox accounts of 19th-century British history. This was a radical objective. Since 1935 the dimensions and the tone of the study have changed. Six fat volumes now cover the period from 'Wilkes and Liberty' to Grimond and Gaitskell. Who wears Wilkes's mantle is left in doubt, for on the last page of Dr Maccoby's somewhat unradical epilogue the Conservative party puts in a curious last-minute bid. We are left unsure, however, whether there will be a mantle to wear. The question-mark in the title suggests not only that the fate of radicalism is still in the balance but that Dr Maccoby may be plotting a seventh volume.

It is unfortunate that although there is a question-mark in the title of Dr Maccoby's last volume more questions are not asked in the text. His book is useful as a quarry of basic materials, not as an analysis or as a synthesis. The chief material used in this new book is taken from the radical journal, the *Nation*, founded in 1907 and destined in 1931 to amalgamate with the *New Statesman*. The last number of the *Nation* invited its readers to a marriage and a christening, not to a funeral. 'The moment is opportune', it declared, 'for the union of an independent journal which has given critical support to the Liberal Party with an independent journal which has given critical support to the Labour Party.'

The marriage, whatever we may say of the christening, was an interesting moment in the history of English radicalism. Unfortunately Dr Maccoby has missed the opportunity of comparing and contrasting the two kinds of 'independence' which were merged in 1931. What was the significance of the radical element in the 'lib' and 'lab' approaches? Dr Maccoby has used the *Nation* so copiously from 1914 to 1931 (but, oddly enough, not before 1914) that in his index we read *Nation, The, passim*'; but he does not quote the *New Statesman* at all. A number of other relevant questions are left unasked. Before Massingham left the *Nation* in 1923, was the content of his radicalism still in any sense 'representative'? After the *Nation* had passed under new management in 1923, with Henderson and Keynes in the vanguard, were its ably written and greatly admired articles a symptom, as Leonard Woolf has suggested, if not one of the causes, of the rapid decay of the Liberal party?

Relations between 'libs', 'labs' and 'rads' in the 20th century require careful analytical treatment. Almost 20 years before the founding of the *Nation*, Hubert Bland in *Fabian Essays* foresaw that the social programme of a Labour party would become 'a great fact' long before the purely political proposals of the radicals received the royal assent; he went on to contrast 'the dreary drizzle of Radicalism' with 'refreshing Socialist showers'. The Liberal party would be squeezed out of existence, he thought, as a 'really homogeneous' Socialist party developed and grew. 'Each fresh Socialist victory,

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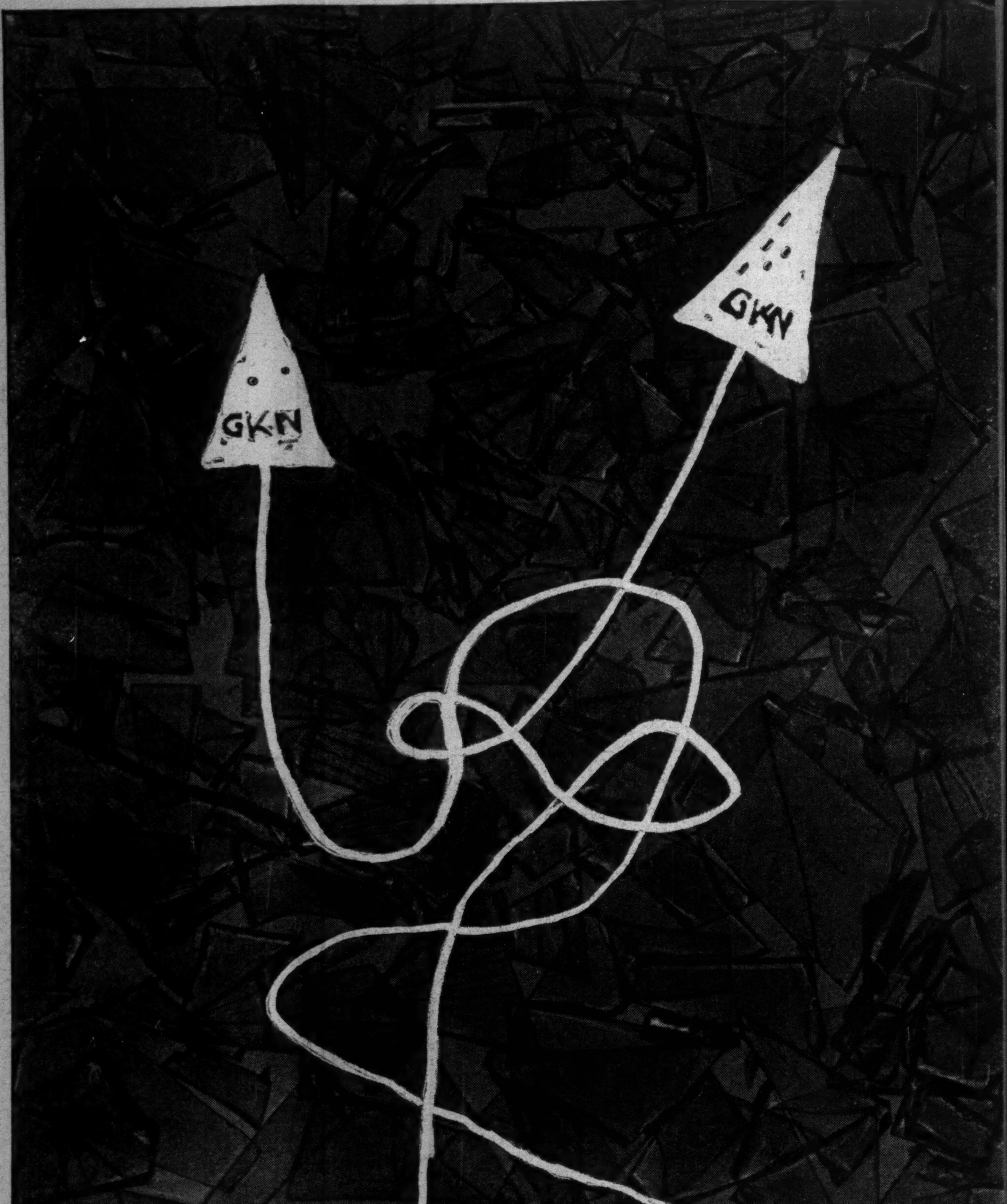
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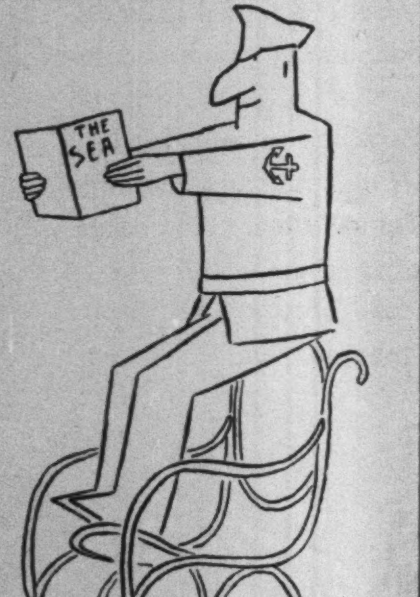
each outpost driven in, each entrenchment carried, will be followed by a warren-like scuttle of alarmed and well-to-do Radicals across the floor of the House of Commons, which will once more (whenever had it been so?) become a true frontier.'

For men like Bland radicalism was already a residue: the new frontier was the frontier of 'social politics'. The new class was the working class and not the middle class. There had always been an anti-liberal element in the 19th-century labour movement. It concentrated on the 'class' background of the radicals and the limitations of the radical programme. It reflected certain basic differences of values, which only temporary agreement on tactics could conceal. Radicals were individualistic: Socialists thought in terms of class. Radicals emphasised nonconformity: Socialists talked of solidarity and union. Radicals stressed the continuous need for criticism: Socialists gave weight, in theory at least, to loyalty. Radicals talked of the liberating influence of innovation both in opinion and techniques: in working-class life, if not in Socialist argument, there was a deep conservatism, a suspicion of change. Radicals knew that they were a minority – 'We're all radicals now' would have been a contradiction in terms: Socialists drew strength from the fact that they spoke in the name of the great majority and that history in some sense was 'on their side' Of course, all these differences were softened in practice; and – even more important – there was a strong counterbalancing liberal element within the labour movement itself.

Between 1906 and 1914, in the years of its greatest electoral triumph, the Liberal party was already losing some of its tactical advantages and political prophets were forecasting its eclipse. Lloyd George, who did his best to demonstrate that a broad Liberal party could more effectively advance 'progress' than a sectional Labour party, could not personally prevent the rise of the Labour party as the second party in the state. Nor could he stop the 'warren-like scuttle' of radicals towards it. Mr Taylor, in his entertaining Leslie Stephen Lecture, gives some of the reasons why. He makes far too much, however, of Lloyd George's split with Henderson in August 1917. The die was already cast.



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The results of the Liberal break-up were more complicated than either he or Dr Maccoby suggests. The Liberal 'renegades' did not move automatically to the centre of their new parties. Some of them moved to the right of the strengthened Conservative party, as the Liberal Unionists had done earlier. Some moved to the left of the reconstituted Labour party. Many contemporary left-wing attitudes and responses can best be understood not by looking at the small parliamentary Labour party before 1914 but at the large Liberal party. Radicalism lost in power as 'independence' declined.

In very many ways, however, the need for the 'radical mind' if not for the residual but still uncompleted radical programme increased as the century went by. It is not surprising in consequence that the very recent history of radicalism leads far from the political circles described in Dr Maccoby's book.

Asa Briggs

Licensed Voyeurs

Darwin and the Naked Lady. By Alex Comfort. *Routledge.* 18*s*.

Although some of these essays have been published independently, the book presents connected themes – themes that should be startling but unfortunately lack enough cogent argument to make a serious challenge. Dr Comfort starts well by committing himself to a scientific approach to art, but as he goes on it becomes clear that his criteria of scientific explanation are extremely lenient. He seems to accept as established some amalgam of Darwinian and Freudian speculations about the nature of art – that 'the aesthetic sense is a derivate of sexuality and sexual display', and that the artist 'turns away from reality, and transfers all his interest, and all his libido too, on the creation of his wishes in the light of fantasy'. The rather unscientific elusiveness with which he expresses his own views on the Freudian theory is no great matter, for the main topic of the book is not art as a sublimation of sex, but on the contrary art as a direct expression of sexual interests. The naked woman, he asserts, is 'the most naturally attractive pictorial subject in European art' and the artist has established himself 'as the traditionally licensed *voyeur*'.

This, for him, is no adverse comment on the artist. He wants from art a much more undisguised representation of sexual activity, such as that in the sculptures of two Hindu temples, Konarak and Khajuraho, with their direct depiction of some of the varieties of sexual intercourse. The intention of Hindu art, he says, 'is to idealise genital pleasure as we idealise death and barrenness' – the book offers abundant instances of this level of generalisation. The sculptured representations of sexual behaviour 'incite, approve, and instruct. This, I suggest, is what secular erotic art would do in our own culture if disturbed people did not prevent it.' The villains, unmasked in the last essay, are the Establishment and above all the politicians. He implies a comfortable antithesis between 'us' (righteous though frustrated) and the 'rather small and relatively deranged body of individuals who now direct our affairs'.

Dr Comfort thinks that an erotic literature dealing with adult sexual behaviour also has a legitimate function and would, if it flourished openly, oust our current sado-masochistic reading matter, both the kind for semi-literates that Hoggart described and the more educated 'James Bond' type. Despite a mention or two of personal and family life, the overwhelming emphasis in all his discussion is on the stimulation and satisfaction of sexual appetite rather than on relations between people. Social relations, in fact, are said to be generated by sexual satisfactions, and Dr Comfort looks forward to a society 'which satisfies all its non-group emotional needs in personal, chiefly erotic, relations'. In keeping with this emphasis, he fails to suggest what proportion of art and literature, if any, should be other than erotic. He has no sympathy with unpopular fiction any more than with poetry, 'which now makes little attempt to address any audience outside the lecture room', and popular fiction he sees as being increasingly dominated by 'the erotic-comic-book *genre*'. He thinks this is a challenge to be accepted; novelists should write in that form but – by some unspecified means – turn it against those who demand it, who now prove to be less the audience than 'its censors and its leaders'. It seems difficult to find a coherent argument here.

Welcoming the popular is part of Dr Comfort's creed, for he applies the biological analogy to art and insists that 'there operates on a long-term basis an effective natural selection of art which adapts it to Man, and it is this which settles the spread of a form or the extinction of a work'. The proviso 'on a long-term basis' presumably takes care of the successful things he happens not to like. He objects to 'puritanical' critics and maintains that 'several of the most eminent and vocal non-playing critics of poetry clearly do not like it, for they can stand it only when it is first-rate' – as much as to say a man clearly doesn't like toast if he objects to it burnt and soggy. And it happens that the most convincing parts of Dr Comfort's book are his own critical attacks on the literature that he dislikes, not only the sado-masochistic novel but the modern play of self-pitying neurotics with its conventional unhappy ending, whose ancestor he finds in Ibsen.

Here, and at one or two other rewarding points, he writes incisively and with wit and insight. More often, he produces the apotheosis of the bright examination answer and we get intellectual arabesques traced with a magic verbal wand: 'Somewhere between Blake's fourfold apocalyptic universe and Sterne's bent reality is the Dublin where Ulysses and the fourfold manifestation of Earwicker-Shem-Shaun-Finnegan fight the same ambiguous battles.' That should prevent the abashed examiner asking awkward questions about the meaning and the evidence. The worst objection to his writing is the absence of the scientific spirit. Explicit statement, connected argument with the logical links exposed, precise limitation of the scope of statements, definition of terms, evidence – all these are missing at one point after another when we need them.

D. W. Harding

Champagne with Rose

Saying Life: the Memoirs of Sir Francis Rose. *Cassell. 42s.*

When Sir Francis Rose, aristocrat, once wealthy international playboy, once *avant-garde* painter, came to write his memoirs, what more natural than to model his style on that of his beloved friend Gertrude Stein – 'saying' his book, as he puts it, rather than writing it? What more natural and what more maddening – like his carefully nurtured spoilt-little-rich-boy temperament which infuriates rather than engages. There are other aspects of his style, and they too reflect the man. The carefully simple writing is interspersed with purple passages of description, which equally carefully demonstrate that Sir Francis is a great enough aristocrat to cultivate vulgarity in this dreary modern world of middle-class good taste. Finally, behind all the language, simple or ornate, there is a grim competence at work composing an autobiography that will appeal to all that is most pretentious, culturally and socially, in the middle-class memoirs-addict.

But if Sir Francis reveals himself in his style, perhaps he also stands for the café society of the Twenties and Thirties in which he moved – a world in which stalwart battling for the *avant-garde* is inextricably mixed with the exact calculation of gossip column values. As Sir Francis says, talking of the famous Daisy Fellowes, whom he treats only less reverently than Gertrude Stein, 'her editorship of *Harper's* was brilliant and a revelation to all fashion magazines . . . in the thirties fashion magazines were more attractive than they are today and had more personality', and so on. The courageously *avant-garde*, in fact, knew no division from the *chichi*, and the *chichi* in its turn precious little division from the commercially chic. Picasso, Gertrude Stein, Isadora Duncan, Lifar, Cocteau, Bérard, Maurice Sachs, Charlie Chaplin and Cecil Beaton are all lumped together in the great category of Art. It was a world in which talent was confused almost of purpose with genius, where for the English expatriate like Sir Francis almost anything English was 'out', either because, like Bloomsbury or like Willie Maugham (whom, of course, one knew personally), it was middlebrow, or because, like the English aristocracy, it was with rare exceptions philistine. Art and birth, or money enough to cultivate both, were the supreme values.

It is necessary to underline the insufficiency of Sir Francis's aesthetic standards, for there is a tacit assumption that Art made his endless pleasure-seeking around the world excusable. Or perhaps, for Sir Francis, Art differentiated him from his steely, intelligent, luxurious grandmother or his hated, hysterical, bohemian mother. Anyway, there it was – the good time had apparently to be excused (Scotch Calvinist ancestry?) and the excuse can't really be taken seriously.

Some things, however – opium smoking, for example – are not excused by Art but by being rich enough and grand enough to have adequate servants to see the pipes are properly cleaned. Or again homosexuality. Sir Francis who knew and liked many aristocratic homosexuals is appalled by post-war England where homosexuals are of the vulgar bourgeoisie – stockbrokers and the like. He suggests that if England is not to rot, this must be cleaned up. As his friend Röhm, assisted by Hitler, cleaned up the bourgeois, perverted world of 1920s Berlin, where aristocratic vices had somehow monstrously been cultivated by shopkeepers and businessmen.

For Sir Francis is above all an anti-capitalist. It is perhaps his chief claim on the sympathies of NEW STATESMAN readers. It made him the close friend of Röhm and Goering and of Madame Wellington Koo; it made him an admirer of the pre-1939 Japanese aristocracy and a fanatical devotee of General Franco. The only Nazi he hated was that vulgar champagne salesman Ribbentrop, about whom the language of his disgust acquires the ring of Mrs Amanda Ros – 'that piece of trash, trumpery and tarnishery'. Indeed his anti-capitalist love of the extreme Right seems finally in 1937 to have lost him his large fortune. In a somewhat gnomic passage he says,

> I want to make a *very firm statement* in this part of my *Saying Life*. It was at the critical moment of 1937 that I was ruined because I believed in the fact that mankind had reached a cycle when fighting wars could have no definite result or end. . . . It suffices to say that a great American gentleman . . . on account of his right-wing tendencies and wilful betrayal by a friend, was hounded, dishonoured, and died of grief. No man was more honourable. It was in the overwhelming collapse of his empire that I was crushed and only able to save my landed properties.

A sad moment for Sir Francis! And only shortly afterwards in 1939 he was about to discuss Art with that remarkable anti-capitalist artist Hitler when they were rudely interrupted by the bourgeois Himmler. However, Sir Francis overcame his dislike of England enough to get back here for the outbreak of war.

ANGUS WILSON

Ehrenburg Explains

People and Life. Memories of 1891-1917. By ILYA EHRENBURG. Translated by Anna Bostock and Yvonne Kapp. *MacGibbon & Kee. 21s.*

Dissonant Voices in Soviet Literature. Edited by PATRICIA BLAKE and MAX HAYWARD. *Partisan Review. 7s. 6d.*

A Leaf of Spring. By A. S. YESENIN-VOLPIN. *Thames & Hudson. 15s.*

The Vicar of Bray has always had a bad press, if only because we have never heard his version of events. Ilya Ehrenburg has taken the precaution of publishing his memoirs, doubtless in order to avoid a similar misfortune. In the early heroic days of the Revolution, when support for Bolshevism was costly, Ehrenburg was sceptical. As Stalinism closed in, when scepticism became justified, Ehrenburg made his peace with the state. While Pilnyak, Babel and a host of lesser figures were obliterated in the purges, Ehrenburg flourished. When Zhdanovism reigned after the war, Ehrenburg still flourished. Then Stalin died. Ehrenburg wrote *The Thaw*. The ugliness of the story cannot be concealed. And yet, in so far as such a man can make recompense, perhaps these memoirs succeed in doing so.

Ehrenburg has already been attacked in the Soviet Union for his judgments on Pasternak. But what will prove dangerous to Soviet literary orthodoxy is not this or that particular opinion, but the whole perspective of the memoirs and above all the depth of their critical seriousness. Before the Revolution Symbolist poetry, Futurist manifestos, Cubism, pure abstraction in painting, indeed almost every literary or artistic movement

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Routledge & Kegan Paul

reverberated in Russian minds. Those, like Ehrenburg, who travelled about a great deal made Paris and Moscow, in effect, adjacent cities. The perceptive experimentalists of Russian culture were as alienated from the pre-Revolutionary social order as the politically conscious workers. Then came 1917. The advanced artists greeted Bolshevism with joy. The Bolsheviks had few preconceived ideas about Marxism and literature: Lunacharsky, the Commissar of Enlightenment, who was as much of cultural pluralist as Richard Wollheim could desire, conceived it as his task to protect the freedom of the artist. But this culture of the early Soviet Union, which fell prey in the end to Stalinism, already had its own inner weaknesses before that betrayal – strikingly displayed in the suicides of Yesenin and Mayakovsky.

Pasternak, the greatest representative of that whole culture, made his own judgment upon it in *Dr Zhivago*. Younger Soviet writers have up till now lacked much of the material necessary for them to form an independent view, but Ehrenburg in his memoirs tries to give some of it to them in a very elementary form. Soviet writers are accustomed to a stock disapproval of abstract painting, for instance. Those who have read sophisticated Western defences of abstraction are no doubt sometimes moved by them. But I think they will find far more devastating Ehrenburg's measured doubts about abstraction in a later section of the memoirs. He undermines stock Soviet responses by first appearing to accept in part the official conclusions, and then by his own approach he makes the way they are customarily reached appear worthless, as indeed it is. What would happen to a Soviet painter or art critic who had been induced to learn to look at Malevich we may find out in the near future.

Even more exciting is the discussions in the present volume of a painter like Léger, to whom Ehrenburg has a positive response. The courage of his critical evaluations is obscured by the fact that the present volume ends in 1917. Indeed in this volume he is apt to look more of a time-server than he is. His defence of Picasso's art is presented together with a stress upon Picasso's refusal to condemn publicly the Soviet Union's actions in Hungary in 1956. But this is misleading. A foretaste of what is to come in the later sections is contained in an extract on Mayakovsky in *Dissonant Voices*, a brilliantly edited special number of *Partisan Review*. For English-speaking readers this collection is perhaps the richest source on Soviet literature yet made available.

The authors represented include Pasternak, Yesenin, Babel, Pilnyak, Zoschenko and Polyakov. Pilnyak's story, 'Mahogany', is alone worth the price of the number several times over. Pilnyak inherited a rich style from Symbolist poetry. He builds up what is essentially a poetic narrative, in which each successive group of characters provides a light in which to see the last and the next group. The ex-aristocrat with his antiques, the travelling antique dealers (shades of NEP), Karpovich the rich ex-peasant, Ivan, the ultra-Left mystic who believes that the revolution is betrayed, Klavdia, the unmarried mother with her own morality; Pilnyak never pauses to intrude a personal judgment. The result is a weight of realism, a sense of social context, beside which the impoverished, would-be objective style of Socialist Realism and its contrived characters and plot read like fantasy. 'Mahogany', by the way, was denounced under Stalin and Pilnyak terrorised into submission.

Max Hayward's introduction to the *Partisan Review* collection suggests – borne out by the fact of the publication of Ehrenburg's memoirs – that Soviet culture is now changing. What is quite clear, however, is that it is no more revolutionary than it was in its Stalinist period. The appalling novels of that phase (Ehrenburg's *The Fall of Paris* is a prime example) are simply bad bourgeois art, the equivalent of Galsworthy or of Arnold Bennett. What we are getting now in Soviet society is the culture of the somewhat more enlightened bourgeois. But there are signs, necessarily obscure ones, of Soviet writers and painters who feel increasingly alienated from their social order. If they can learn to express what they feel from reading Mayakovsky and Yesenin, Pasternak and Pilnyak, Soviet writing may become revolutionary again.

The first reaction to the rediscovery of Western art and poetry, however, is likely to be a spell of slight inebriation. There are signs of this in the writings of Yesenin's son, Alexander Yesenin-Volpin, now detained in the Soviet Union, allegedly because of mental instability. Yesenin-Volpin is a mathematical logician who has published in *Voprosy Filosofii*. Before his most recent arrest (he was also in prison under Stalin) he wrote a brief statement of his own sceptical philosophical views, which he asked his friends in the West to publish, together with his poems. This has now been done with an English translation by George Reavey opposite the Russian text. One can feel both in the poetry and in the philosophy all the pressure of intellectual isolation. This is a very moving book. It would be fascinating to know what Ehrenburg made of it.

ALASDAIR MACINTYRE

Tales of New Japan

Modern Japanese Stories. Edited by IVAN MORRIS. *Eyre & Spottiswoode.* 30s.

The first of the 25 stories in this book was published in 1910, and the last in 1954. It is interesting that the first, a slight piece by Mori Ogai called 'Under Reconstruction', has much more relevance to modern Japanese life than the last, 'The Priest of Shiga Temple and his Love', by Mishima Yukio. Japan is always 'under reconstruction'. According to the blurb, many readers will find Mishima's story 'the most satisfying in the book'. True, certain readers may find in this exercise in pseudo-classicism ('a modern psychological approach' applied to 'the motivation of characters from an ancient Japanese chronicle', but essentially banal) the *Japonaiserie* which has failed them elsewhere. It seems a pity that there couldn't be something more representative of this young lion of contemporary Japanese writing – and something more representative of the daily life of contemporary Japan.

This is the only criticism to make of an excellent compilation, whose range and variety can best be indicated by listing some of the contents.

The Japan vacillation between Naturalism and Aestheticism is shown in 'The Decoration', where the satisfying documentation slides into artistic inconclusiveness and the writer avails himself of that old alibi, dot-dot-dot. . . There is an aesthetic and Poeian piece by Tanizaki, which hardly does justice to this solid and various writer; and 'The Camellia' demonstrates the cult of slightness: its deliberate neuroticism will appeal to those interested in the Japanese, rather than those interested in stories.

'Brother and Sister' is a good raucous tale, exhibiting one of the strongest points of these writers: the vivid depiction of men at work, in this case building jetties. Rough, but sensitive: 'One slap from Akaza, and the trout lay still in his hand like a woman's foot.' 'The Idiot' is an unrelenting stretch of 'Waste Land' writing. 'Tokyo' offers us a slice of life, hard but not waste; and it is interesting to note that two of the toughest stories here, this one and 'A Man's Life', are by women writers. 'Wager in Mid-air' is a vertiginous account of climbing a factory chimney, with vague Socialist overtones. More specifically 'Proletarian' is 'Letter Found in a Cement Barrel', from a much imprisoned writer of the 1920s and 1930s. It struck me as having a certain grim humour – the letter is written by the girl friend of a young cement worker who fell into the crusher and ended up in the barrel – but the editorial note suggests that the story is likely to strike the reader as 'a downright parody on proletarian literature.' Well, battles long ago were still real battles. If the editor bears a grudge against leftist writing, I suppose this is not surprising in anyone who has had close dealings with contemporary Japanese intellectuals. But many of us will feel that realism – even a sentimental realism – is a nice change, in Japanese writing, from pretentious fantasy or obsessive 'psychology'.

'Shotgun' is a superior example of the latter *genre*: love, with all the Japanese habit of leaving questions unanswered. Is this delicacy and profundity? Or cowardice and incompetence on the author's part? This 'confessional' writing is certainly one of the curses of Japanese literature, notably when some more or less commonplace ailment or perversion is endowed with Dostoyevskian proportions. (See Mishima's novel, *The Temple of the Golden Pavilion*, published here two years ago.) A specimen of the insistently enigmatic and indeterminately 'symbolic' is the story 'Machine'. Typically, it ends: 'Someone must judge me. How can I know what I have done?' Come to that, how can the reader know? Yet the piece has an attractive dippiness, perhaps arising (again) out of the documentary interest: the cryptic goings-on take place in a name-plate factory full of exciting chemicals and other expertise. Kawabata's 'The Moon on the Water' is poetic-psychological writing which stays just on the right side of the precious and portentous. And 'Morning Mist' is a character study, unpretentious and touching, of the kind the Japanese are so brilliant in when they refrain from being symbolical.

Fantasy at its most agreeable is represented by 'The House of a Spanish Dog', and political satire (needing a little interpretation) by 'The Charcoal Bus'. Finest of all, in my opinion, are 'The Hateful Age', a harsh yet moving account of old age by Niwa Fumio, and 'The Song Bird', by Ito Einosuke, a documentary treatment of a busy day in a police station in North-Eastern Japan, which links up with the late 17th-century tale-teller, Saikaku. It has that expert *detail* which gives many Japanese stories their striking immediacy.

The standard of translation seems very high throughout; and Ivan Morris contributes an informative introduction. In all, this is a most enlightening volume, a large achievement in a small space. It is, also, a most enjoyable book.

D. J. ENRIGHT

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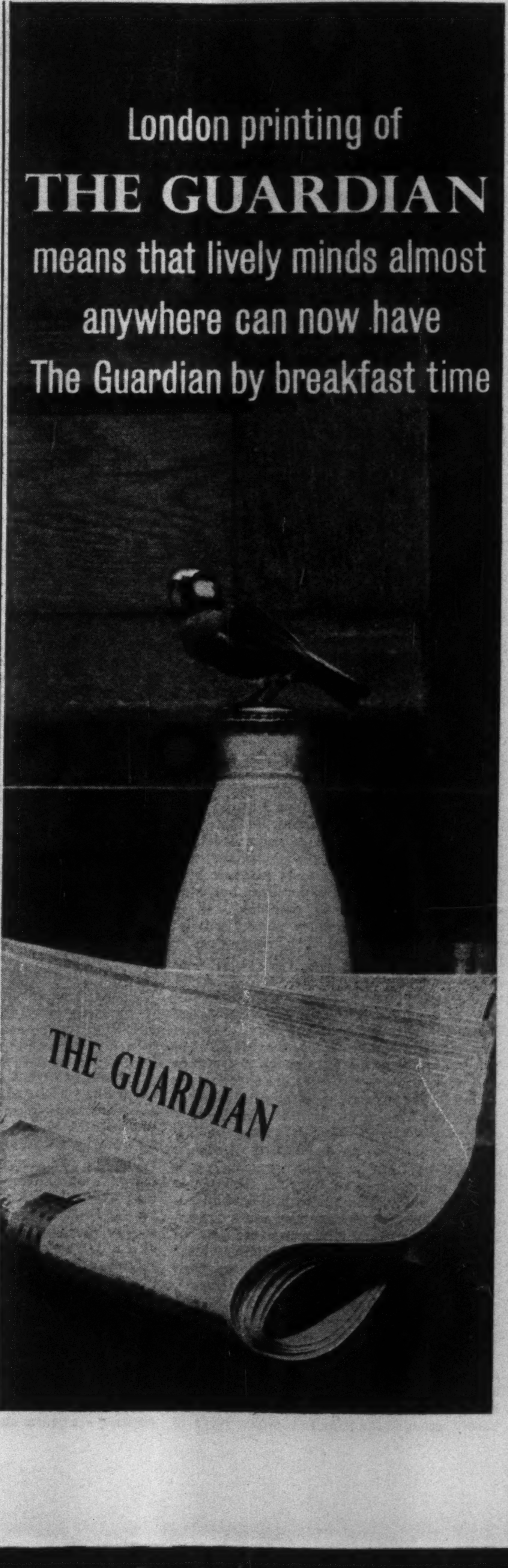

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Sub-Muggeridge

Anatomy of Spying. By RONALD SETH. *Barker.* 21*s.*

Call for the Dead. By JOHN LE CARRÉ. *Gollancz.* 13*s.* 6*d.*

The Packard Case. By WILLIAM MERRICK. *Gollancz.* 15*s.*

The Wrong Side of the Sky. By GAVIN LYALL. *Hodder & Stoughton.* 15*s.*

We are all spies at heart: spying, and spied upon. Has it ever happened to you, in the emptiness of the morning, to wander into a public library? Then as you approach a particular shelf, there will be a stir in the gallery; someone who has been waiting now shuffles overhead, downstairs, to arrive just in time to see which book you have picked, possibly even to snatch it before you do. So, naturally, a title like *Anatomy of Spying* draws us irresistibly. The book itself may disappoint – but perhaps I've read too much Muggeridge lately. What kind of man is the spy? Patriotic, brave, intelligent, patient, and preferably chaste, exclaims Mr Seth, who should know, having been one, on a solo mission to Estonia. He seems concerned with improving the spy's status, and is scornful of double-dealing and bewildered by treachery. His advice to us: be careful! Some of the tips might come in useful. In making a contact, a message may be passed underwater in the baths, or at a football match by bending down to tie an 'imaginary shoe-lace'. Why imaginary? Some of the historical raking is fresh, and it's a pity the latest sensation, when the book went to press, should have been Powers. The good old style has come back since then with a vengeance. Convention seems to exert such a grip on the spy's behaviour that he must find it quite difficult, when in London, *not* to pace outside the British Museum carrying an orange.

The test for any spy thriller must be how far it can explain or improve on the real thing. *Call for the Dead* manages a bit of both. That favourite English hero, the don side-stepping into intrigue, is given a new twist with Smiley, a toad-like little man who would have been happy bumbling among minor German 17th-century poets; as it is, his residence in a provincial university under Hitler provides cover for picking possible agents. Middle-aged, brought back for home service, separated from an aristocrat wife who is tiring of her Cuban trumpeter, he enjoys the chess-strategies of Security, while lamenting the death of pleasure in himself. He has to vet a prominent ex-fellow-traveller with high government office, and next day the man is found dead with a suicide note. Adventures lead to the stockbroking country and to that South London garage so few agents manage to avoid. Needless to say he gets slugged from behind, but unusually this entails a long stay in hospital. The whole narrative, in fact, combines traditional adventure with unexpected sympathy and wit. I am sure Mr Seth would discourage the kind of regretful self-scrutiny that suits Smiley. Mr le Carré, whose first novel this is, shows great tact in not making his hero too endearing.

The Packard Case comes American-style, in a whirl of booze, sex, sleeplessness and revenge that presumably breaks all the international rules; and the threat on the cover that 'it may be happening in a dozen countries at this very moment' is not, one hopes, to be taken seriously. The locale is in a Paris hardly recognisable; and I would give it higher marks for ruthlessness if the hero weren't given to italicised thought and sunset phrases. However, for those who are fascinated to know how he-men and she-women go about winning the cold war, here is the answer.

'It's a funny sort of business being an American. Wherever you go, there's some part of America got there first. As often as not it's Louis Armstrong.' This remark, if nothing else, would have kept me going on with *The Wrong Side of the Sky*, a tough, jaunty British thriller about rogue pilots flying arms between Greece and Tripoli. Its treasure hunting unveils the activities of a Nawab who fled from Partition with crates of jewels. The book is not only expert but imaginative about flying, with a climax in which a scurrying plane gets lost in a monstrous cave of clouds. After the airfields and the juke-boxes this has a touch of Poe.

G. W. STONIER

Foreign Images

Image of Britain. Vol. I. *University of Texas Press.* $4.

Morocco Independent. By ROM LANDAU. *Allen & Unwin.* 35*s.*

City of Lingering Splendour. By JOHN BLOFELD. *Hutchinson.* 30*s.*

Far Eastern Journey. By BERNARD NEWMAN. *Jenkins.* 21*s.*

Here are four books about foreign parts, including Britain, which comes out very foreign on this occasion. First is the University of Texas's *Image of Britain, Volume I*, with Volume II already billed on the dust-jacket. Few NEW STATESMAN readers are likely to see it, and none to buy it. You may say, 'Why review it at all?', but a book about oneself, however bad, is at least interesting. In most people, self-respect shades easily into narcissism, and there is a special pleasure in a distorting mirror, for we are able to say of the flat-faced ogre we see there, 'Everybody knows that isn't in the least like me'.

Britain, it seems, is a country

– in which 'anyone . . . with a gross annual income of less than $4,500 is assured of *the finest legal representation* . . . with no cost.' (Mr Fenton Bresler on 'English Law and Lawyers.' He's talking about Dock Briefs: Mr Geoffrey Lawrence hasn't had one for some years.)

– in which people are always talking to Mr A. L. Rowse. ('said the historian, G. M. Trevelyan to me . . . The eminent scientist, Lord Cherwell, used to tease me by saying . . . ' Mr Rowse in his article, 'Concerning Intellectuals, Mainly British', warns poets not to write intellectual poetry. 'They would do better to be simple.' Like Kipling, he says.)

– in which the fish in fish-and-chip shops 'is always fresh, *crisp* and hot'. (Janet Darby: 'Some Notes on British Food', which reads as if it had been designed as an advertisement for the British Travel Association and overrun its length. Miss Darby, who 'has written cookery features for *Britannia & Eve, Woman & Beauty* and *Everywoman*' (this is a *university* press?), has never, I suggest, eaten fish and chips in Oxford, Chesterfield, Exeter or Taunton. I did once get crisp batter on my fish in Leeds.)

– in which the only two cartoonists worth noticing are Searle and Emett.

I have quoted enough, I think, to indicate the miscellaneous character of this 'Image'. Nobody seems to know whom he's talking to. Mr Gaitskell (taking time off from the affairs of the nation) and Mr Claud Cockburn, writing respectively of 'The Role of the Opposition' and 'British Journalism', seem to be talking to Texans, and illustrate their articles with many references to American practice. Mr Hugh Massingham offers an excellent analysis of the parties that might be an extension of his weekly column in *The Observer*. There are articles on Child-Care, and on the Radio Telescope at Jodrell Bank, and on the BBC Gramophone Record Library, and one by Henry Green on Fire-Fighting in the last war that doesn't seem to have any relevance to anything else at all. Most of the contributors are eminent, but there are at least three in each volume whose presence can only be explained on the basis of cocktail party commissions. There are not one, not two, but three bits from forthcoming novels. There is a piece which, after eulogising the late Fiorello la Guardia at length, goes on to speak of the 'blood relationship' between ourselves and the Americans. There is an excellent explanation of the Church of England by Mr Driberg and an article by Messrs Malcolm Bradbury and Dudley Andrews on *The Sugar Beet Generation*, which helps to explain Mr Colin Wilson. Volume II promises an even greater joy: Mr Robert Greacen on Sir Charles Snow, and then Sir Charles himself will write on (and don't think I'm inventing this) *The Snow Papers at Texas*.

Nothing in the rest of this week's collection offers the wicked enjoyment of the University of Texas's *Image of Britain*. We may think we know what's coming when, in *Morocco Independent*, Professor Rom Landau, author of *God Is My Adventure*, who calls a car 'the chromium plated product of Detroit', starts using phrases like 'the best type of native', but we'll be wrong, because Professor Landau abhors colonialism and the French, and his best friends are Moroccans. He lobbied the UN for Moroccan independence and, while he seems to have a strong devotion to the late Sultan, moves happily enough on both the Left and Right sides of the political fence. Like *Image of Britain* his book is confused. It is not always clear whether he is writing a sketchy political analysis, or a Guide for the tourists the Moroccan economy so badly needs. But the great romantic names ring out – Casablanca, Rabat, Tangier, Fez, Marrakesh – and it does seem to be a country of rocky beauty and of interesting people, and since the natives seem friendly, why don't you stay the night?

Mr John Blofeld's *City of Lingering Splendour* is not a Guide, or even an analysis of something which still exists. We are not invited to sample his book as a temptation to adventure, for Mr Blofeld's Peking is now a lost city. Life there before the communist regime seems to have been a pleasant business for persons of sensibility, who also had friends and a little money: they seem to have spent themselves largely on the appreciation of food and beautiful objects and on religious discussion. These are experiences best enjoyed in books, I sometimes think; so often, in real life. headache or indigestion gets between one's sensibility and the Summer Palace. Mr Blofeld's book is for dreaming winter evenings in Cheltenham or Harrogate. His tone is that of an urbane, gentle old man, looking back affectionately on something that happened a long time ago.

It's something of a shock to see that the face on the dust-jacket is young, and wears that noble look that faces used to wear in the Thirties, and that Mr Tom Stacey's, one learns, is wearing now. The inside flap of Bernard Newman's *Far Eastern Journey* lists 24 other travel books by him, and follows this by the word 'etc.'. Mr Newman seems an intelligent man who uses his eyes and ears and produces works of competent reportage. He covers the ground. Rather a lot of it.

JOHN BOWEN

Egypt's Exodus

The Last Exile. By JAMES ALDRIDGE. *Hamish Hamilton.* 30*s.*

One Away. By ALLAN PRIOR. *Eyre & Spottiswoode.* 15*s.*

The Magician of Lublin. By ISAAC BASHEVIS SINGER. Translated by Elaine Gottlieb and Joseph Singer. *Secker & Warburg.* 16*s.*

Family Jewels. By PETRU DUMITRIU. Translated by Edward Hyams. *Collins.* 21*s.*

I was first drawn to *The Last Exile*, a novel about Nasser's Egypt, because I spent the Suez Crisis under house-arrest in a hotel in Alexandria. But this book will inevitably appear on every reviewer's list since it is what the publishers call a 'big' (or 'major') novel: 'big' theme, 'big' name (James Aldridge, author of *The Diplomat*), 'big' volume (790 closely printed pages). With a tome of this size weighing down on them, reviewers this week will be earning their money – unless, of course, they rely on a blurb which provides an unusually detailed and efficient synopsis of the plot. This is the kind of 'public' novel which Philip Gibbs and Upton Sinclair used once to write so successfully, though Mr Aldridge is politically more sophisticated than the former and a better stylist than the latter. Half fiction and half history, it constantly leaves one in doubt whether this or that character or incident is entirely real, entirely imaginary or a mixture of both. 'I listen and shrug', he said bitterly. 'That's all I can do, *ya habibi*, because they shrug without even listening.' The speaker is Nasser; but are the words his or Mr Aldridge's? In the case of some other, less illustrious characters in the book, changes of name will not entirely conceal from those familiar with the Near East in the last decade the real prototypes on which they have been based. This interlaying of fact and fiction tends to irritate me, but Mr Aldridge certainly carries it through with immense adroitness.

His central character is a Captain Scott who, after being disgraced during the war for disobeying a calamitous order, has now made his home in Egypt, where he enjoys the protection and in some cases the friendship of the men about Nasser. Britain begins to prepare for the invasion of Egypt and Scott is involved in a conflict of loyalties. Is he to spy on his own countrymen who are themselves engaged in spying in preparation for the coming expedition? Is he to agree to fight against the British and their allies? And when the campaign peters out, is he to stay on in his adopted country or to return home? From time to time these dilemmas seem a trifle contrived; but they serve to provide the book with a core about which a panorama of life in the New Egypt can revolve to brilliantly revealing effect. I suppose that *The Last Exile* is what is called 'a man's book': best in its scenes of action, its Kiplingesque understanding of warfare and machines, and its absorption in the twin problems of loyalty and power; weakest in its analysis of character and motive. This 'big' novel is not big in the sense that novels as short and restricted in scope as *Emma* or *Virgin Soil* are big; but it is simultaneously informative and exciting and I predict great success for it. I suppose that it might be described as Egypt's *Exodus*; but Mr Aldridge plays fairer than Mr Uris and not the least remarkable feature of his book is its tone of impartiality.

I was first drawn to *One Away* by a marvellous photographic jacket design by Christopher Macartney Filgate, of a kind common enough in America but rare in England. After the complexity of *The Last Exile* this story about a gypsy, Tam Bass, who makes an unsuccessful escape from Dartmoor with the assistance of his brothers, has an almost naive directness. But the characters of the three men – Tam, the pure romani; Ruben, who now owns a motorcycle business but who remains a romani at heart; and Peter, who has married a gorgio wife and who wishes to obliterate his origins – are cleverly contrasted. The book has pace and style and the incidental details of gypsy life are convincingly introduced.

I began *The Magician of Lublin*, translated from the Yiddish, under the mistaken notion that it was by I. J. Singer, author of that excellent book *The Brothers Akenazi*, and only later discovered my error from a note at the beginning. The author is I. J. Singer's brother, Isaac Bashevis Singer. In a small, delicate way this is an extraordinary novel, the apparent tranquillity of its surface, shining with optimism and good humour, concealing an inner chasm of violence and

Time to remember

I'm remembering the times when this old barge slipped along with a full wind stretching her brown sails. I'm remembering the times when we tied up in foreign ports and walked the cobbled quays. And I'm sitting here with Barney (the dog) and Peter (my husband) drinking beer. This is a time I'll remember too. The sun and the peace and the lovely going-nowhere feeling. And the good taste of the beer.

Beer,
it's lovely!

ISSUED BY THE BREWERS' SOCIETY, 42 PORTMAN SQUARE, LONDON, W.1

despair. The life of 19th-century Polish Jewry is recreated with a beautiful freshness and clarity; but from time to time this realistic picture is, as it were, gently stretched outwards until it achieves a grotesque or menacing distortion. Yasha Mazur, the magician of the title, travels Poland as a conjuror and hypnotist: he has deserted his ancestral religion and finds his most intense moments of satisfaction in working his 'magic' on the adoring women whom he has gathered about him. An attempt at an abortive burglary starts him on the path which carries him simultaneously to his worldly ruin and his spiritual salvation. At once a parable and a novel of suspense, this book has something of the flavour of an Isak Dinesen story.

I have little space for *Family Jewels* by Petru Dumitriu, a novel about the boyars in Rumania between the years 1862 and 1907. This too is a 'big' novel, though in England Mr Dumitriu's name is not yet as 'big' as Mr Aldridge's. The first volume of a trilogy, it is a work which has passages of quite exceptional force and others of scintillating irony. The author traces the fortunes of an aristocratic family, the members of which are tainted with every conceivable cruelty and vice. Contrasted with their heedless immorality is the fortitude of the peasants they exploit. The scales are too obviously tipped in one direction, so that though Mr Dumitriu accepts this family as representative of their class, it is difficult for us to do so. This is the one major flaw. Mr Dumitriu, who fled to the West with his wife in 1960, is still in his thirties. On the evidence of this book, with its grand sense of unseen historical forces, he is a writer of whom one may have the highest expectations.

FRANCIS KING

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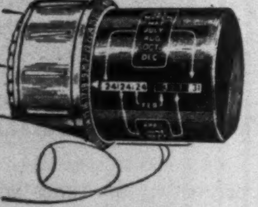

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Church Decadent

The Whiston Matter. By RALPH ARNOLD.
Hart-Davis. 21*s*.

The world of the cathedral close, the chapter-house and the deanery have always seemed to provide a staple diet for novels. From Anthony Trollope through Hugh Walpole all the way to Elizabeth Goudge novelists have dealt in the small change of personal relationships set against a majestic background of gothic architecture. But until now – despite news-editors' understandable relish for stories of a verger's hand in the collection plate or the mystery of a provost's failure to be promoted to dean – hard fact has appeared to lose the battle to prolific imagination.

Not the least merit of *The Whiston Matter* is that it does a good deal to redress the balance. For what Mr Ralph Arnold triumphantly brings off in his book is a detailed, documentary, blow-by-blow account of an ecclesiastical storm (arising over 100 years ago in a single cathedral close) which ended by threatening the very foundations of the Church of England. By the time that storm had blown itself out debates had taken place in Parliament, leader-writers had thundered in the editorial columns of newspapers, and a pamphlet entitled (rather discouragingly) *Cathedral Trusts And Their Fulfilment* had become a nation-wide best-seller.

The cause of the whole *fracas* was an obscure clergyman who in 1842 was appointed to the headmastership of the cathedral grammar school in Rochester. On Mr Arnold's evidence Mr Whiston was scarcely an attractive character – his first ambition indeed seems to have been not so much to bring about reform in the Church of England as to obtain preferment for himself as the headmaster of a famous public school. It was, in fact, only after he had failed to achieve the headmastership of Repton that Whiston set his hand to putting the Church's house in order.

Yet practical reform, like divine intervention, often moves in a mysterious way. And by the time the battling headmaster of the cathedral grammar school had finished with the dean and chapter of Rochester (whom he dragged both into the Chancery Court and into the Queen's Bench Division) he had staked out a path that was later to be more decorously followed by such men as Charles Gore, Dick Sheppard and even William Temple. By his exposure of ecclesiastical abuses, by his indictment of lethargic authority and above all by his appeal to public opinion Robert Whiston deserves what he has never received – recognition as one of the few practical reformers produced by the Church of England.

Starting with a modest complaint about the £5 maintenance allowances paid out of the chapter's lavish income to his school's exhibitioners at Oxford and Cambridge, Whiston went on to rip apart the whole fabric which had permitted a national church to degenerate into a private racket. To defend his school – and indeed to protect his own position – this rebel headmaster discovered a record of clerical chicanery that may even have been unsurpassed by John Tetzel. He hammered at the personal profiteering of the superior clergy and denounced their neglect of their lawful responsibilities.

It is fashionable to say that Robert Whiston's real achievement was to provide Anthony Trollope with his plot for *The Warden*. But it is possible to claim that it was a great deal more than that – that if, in 1848, a disappointed cleric, of some talent and greater ambition, had not nailed his thesis of protest to the door of a single English diocese, the Church of England would today be not merely buffeted but wholly broken up. The only really disturbing sentence in Mr Arnold's admirable book is his last one, in which he records that in 1929 a tablet to Mr Whiston's memory was unveiled by the Dean of Rochester himself in Rochester Cathedral. This undeniably prickly schoolmaster may have won his acrimonious battle against ecclesiastical authority – but he had plainly failed to reckon with the Church's capacity to envelop in sympathy and smother in love.

ANTHONY HOWARD

Dinka Gods

Divinity and Experience: The Religion of the Dinka. By GODFREY LIENHARDT.
Oxford. 42*s*.

The Dinka, numbering nearly a million, live around the swamps of the central Nile basin in the Southern Sudan. Their major subsistence activities are cattle-keeping, fishing, and cultivation of the soil. They believe in supernatural powers and deities of various kinds (distinguished and classified by Dr Lienhardt as 'Divinity', 'free-divinities' and 'clan-divinities'). Their principal act of worship is the sacrificial killing of cattle at communal gatherings to the accompaniment of hymns, dancing and general festivity. They have a special category of religious functionaries, known as 'masters of the fishing-spear', and formerly (perhaps even now) such men, if of outstanding reputation, could be honourably killed when old and failing by being buried alive, at their own request and before all their assembled kin.

These facts are neither new nor particularly unusual. Similar beliefs and practices are known to occur among other Sudanic peoples and elsewhere in Africa. What distinguishes Dr Lienhardt's book is that he is not content with a detailed analysis of Dinka religion. He seeks to interpret that religion, to make us understand why the Dinka believe and behave as they do, how local or individual respect for certain divinities rather than others is related to features of social organisation and personal experience, and, most notably, why their sacrificial ritual should be considered as essentially a means of ensuring 'the greater vitality of the people'.

By confining his treatment to the traditional' or 'indigenous' religion of the Dinka he has made an important contribution to the literature on primitive religion, showing, in particular, how intimately the beliefs of a people are related to aspects of daily life. This self-imposed restriction seems, however, to have prevented him from viewing Dinka religion in sufficient perspective. He is an anthropologist whose field investigations were carried out in 1947-50. By that time, his own material indicates, Christian missionaries of several denominations were working among the Dinka. But what new converts thought about the religion of their fathers, and what pagan Dinka thought about Christianity, he does not tell us. Yet their opinions would surely have been relevant to the interpretations, if only by revealing why tribesmen preferred one relligion to the other.

I. SCHAPERA

ARTS & ENTERTAINMENT

Unilateral Disgruntlement

ROGER GELLERT

I suppose we all have doubts, now and then, about Democracy; but like a disgruntled husband with his wife, or a disillusioned patriot with his country, we rally at once to its defence if a mere outsider starts attacking it. Hence my predicament *vis-à-vis* Sir Augustus Thwaites, the trumpet-tongued scourge of the rabble in Nigel Dennis's *August for the People*, which had its premiere in Edinburgh last week. He lives in huge rooms hung with quasi-Holbeins; he wines and dines with the great; he creates a scandal in faultless evening dress, is unrepentant in a superb lounge suit, and later goes rather mad in a crimson velvet dressing-gown. This ought not to matter, but as the butt of his cursings is precisely Democracy, it somehow does. One would rather have seen the poor old thing chastised by some open-necked, ill-shod, worse-spoken bounder.

Sir Augustus (Rex Harrison) is a retired Colonial governor who is puppet-chairman of a Stately Homes Association, a band of well-bred hucksters all doing very nicely for themselves and charity out of the tireless sightseers. At the opening of the play he is addressing the Association's annual dinner. He has had rather too much to drink, and he has also had, he says, a revelation about Democracy: it is after all (he sees with sudden blinding clarity) a disgusting thing, a thing of fleas and monkeys. Why, why this passion for the man in the street? Murmurs of alarm rise from the banqueters, and the microphone is finally disconnected, but the damage is done. Sir Augustus's 'revelation' is on the front page of every newspaper next day: the press are clamouring at his door. Sir Augustus appears, refreshed and impenitent; insults the press in the most offensively personal terms he can find, and later makes mincemeat of the first batch of sightseers, who have arrived in even huger flocks after reading the scandalous speech. He subsequently selects three specimens from this benighted crowd to be the new apostles of a sort of Progressive Disillusion movement, to march proudly towards extinction without compromise or humbug; but his increasingly deranged behaviour leads to tragedy in his household, and at its impact the apostles flee.

Regrettably, Nigel Dennis shows no more sign of becoming a dramatist than in his earlier plays – if anything, less. Having already lambasted the Establishment and Religion, he now turns his formidable battery of scorn on to Democracy, and certainly delivers some damaging salvoes. But the target is an Aunt Sally; nobody speaks up for it except in the most palpable clichés, and the play ('a farcical tragedy'), having started with verve and confidence, dwindles into a series of unilateral harangues from the hero, punctuated by comic bleats from his victims. Sir Augustus is presented as the Rex Harrison persona *in excelsis*: a logical fusion and extension of Professor Higgins and Platonov, the reasonable man run wild, the rake turned *raisonneur*. His dogged refusal to enter into the 'drama' of life has sent his nearest and dearest into galloping hysteria – his devoted bailiff Bolt (George Benson) sees himself as a heart-broken figure of Victorian tragedy, and orates accordingly; his devoted mistress, Mrs Fulton (Rachel Roberts), urges him to enter into life, with unfortunate results; and his devoted daughter (Pauline Munro) is a twitching mass of idealistic illusions. The scene where Mrs Fulton invites him to share her romantic concept of the 'little man' is very funny, as is Mr Bolt's irrepressible urge to die of grief. But the play is mere rhetorical fireworks, and the returns diminish; a belated veering into tragedy doesn't come off, and as farce it is nowhere near inventive enough. We are left with some too-easy cracks at a sitting target, and Rex Harrison banging them across in that irresistible ginny bark.

At the Assembly Hall, the Old Vic embarked on a crude but lively rendering of *King John*. This most rambling and over-written of the Histories needs firmer handling than Peter Potter's; but there are some vivid touches. Maurice Denham, ranting amid clouds of flying saliva (this is a distracting element of classic drama in the round), offers a good, sharp, Brechtian cartoon of a Bad Thing, beady-eyed and cunning. I liked him pretty well, though he is not a patch on Michael Hordern's magnificent John at the Old Vic a few years back; there is a world of odds between a mangy vulture and an embattled starling. Robert Eddison's queasily priggish King of France stands out, literally and figuratively, head and shoulders above the supporting cast.

After the prestige productions, I turned hopefully to the Fringe, where the biggest stir was made by David Caute's *Songs for an Autumn Rifle*, another success for the Oxford Theatre Group. It deals with the impact on Socialist consciences of the Budapest rising of 1956, and it centres round the editorial desk of the British Communist paper *Onward*. The editor, Robert Hewson, is a man of high character and literary standing (hard to call to mind a comparable Communist editor in post-war Britain), but he is the Party's employee and must toe the Party line – which is no longer easy, as the dispatches from their Budapest correspondent, Paul Manning, are being grotesquely censored and rewritten before publication, and Hewson feels that the truth must be told. He must publish the dispatches intact, or resign; but is craftily dissuaded from both by Arthur Bassett, the tough old Party boss.

Meanwhile, in Budapest, Manning is with the Freedom Fighters – who can hardly refrain from lynching him, seeing the ludicrously false reports which *Onward* keeps printing under his name. We watch the revolution in its earlier, triumphant phase, mopping up the AVO and forcing the Russians to withdraw; and later we watch the Russians return. Manning comes back to London breathing fire and brimstone, confronts Hewson, and at last, with great difficulty, shames him into resigning.

This is the outline of the main, ideological plot, and the moral force of the crisis is such that it should have sufficed to carry the play. But Mr Caute is determined to pile on further agony. He gives Hewson a son doing his National Service, who refuses to go to fight at Suez, but is talked out of his rebellion by a smart young Intelligence officer in a scene parallel with his father's capitulation; as the Russians move back into Budapest, the son dies in a futile accident with a landing-craft off Cyprus, and the news hits Hewson on the same morning as Manning's return. In addition, Hewson's secretary is engaged in a prolonged struggle with his wife for possession of his body and soul. It is too much; what promised to be a serious play by an intelligent writer turns into a contrived, conventional, almost commercial piece of 'theatre'; strong scene follows strong scene, while one's faith in the central debate slackens and the ring of truth fades more and more. The dialogue, too, goes corny under stress. 'You destroy everything you touch . . . Your whole life has been based on a lie.'

If the framework of the play is over-theatrical, however, the details are sympathetic and convincing. Mr Caute is not trying to make fools of his villains, or vice versa. The cliché-ridden Bassett makes a few telling points, and even shows glimmers of honesty. The two Russian soldiers in the Budapest scenes are presented as human beings doing an unhappy job, while the young revolutionary hero inclines to be brutal, unreasonable and exhibitionistic; Mr Caute, in fact, is well inside Hewson's skin, desperately trying to see everyone's point of view. The leading parts are superbly acted, particularly by Oliver Davies (as Hewson), Peter Hudson and Nigel Frith.

The 60 Theatre Group from London University put on *The Seven Who Were Hanged*, adapted from the pre-Revolutionary novel by Leonid Andreyev. As so often in such attempts, the characters, interesting in themselves, don't interact very rewardingly on the stage, and with seven people in search of a *modus moriendi*, there is inevitably too much dependence on death-cell monologue. Two of the seven are routine criminals; the other five are young political assassins, and the grim joke here is that the Minister they were ready to kill never turned up, having died of a heart-attack two hours earlier. The piece is full of psychological truth, never lapsing into facile heroics, and is played with such sincerity that the torments of the condemned, and the marginal comments of their keepers, hold one's attention and respect. Derek Marlowe (the adaptor) is particularly good as the innocent tyro jailer, and so is Stuart Harris as the soldierly assassin.

At the YMCA Theatre, two professional actors, Leonard Fenton and Phillipa Reid, were giving a lively rendering of *The Typists*, by the American playwright Murray Schisgal. A pathetic young woman and a pathetic not-so-young man attract and repel, interest and bore each other from adjoining office desks. Their shynesses, fantasies and pretences intertwine for an hour in a sad, artful scherzo, like a slice of Arthur Miller adapted by Ionesco. Amusingly and touchingly done, it was too unremittingly downbeat for my taste. Even more professional were three short plays put on by the Arts Centre of Edinburgh. The most considerable of them, *An Igloo is a Work of Art*, by Edward Boyd, is a kind of *Under Milk Wood* for lonely flat-dwellers; the poet-narrator muses on the sounds and secret lives of his unseen cohabitants. Sensitive in a fairly ordinary way, and with too much tape-recording, it is put over with delectable clarity and the most perfect sound-reproduction I have ever heard in a theatre.

It was admirable of the Tavistock Repertory Company to put on a Lope de Vega play, and *The Knight from Olmedo* is worth seeing, though I can't quite accept Eric Bentley's claims for its 'greatness'. The romantic framework is absolutely conventional in form and writing, and the enjoyment comes from occasional deflating darts of comedy, and dark premonitions of death. Heavy weather was made of the romantic roles in this performance, and there were some cheap 'production touches', such as the presentation of the King and Court as a seething nest of snakes, for which I can find no warrant in the text nor reason in the story. The Fringe play of most literary pretensions was *The Two-Timers*, played by the University of London Dramatic Society. But this study in senile fantasy – a demented Darby and Joan about to be moved from their house, which they pretend is an antique shop – proved an evening of bottomless tedium. The sad thing is that Mr Bramble can certainly write; he has considerable poetic inventiveness. But in this play at least he makes no consistent attempt to relate form to content, or madness to reality, and though his thoughts are his own, the dramatic debts (in spite of an inordinately long and protesting programme note to the contrary) are blatant.

So the Fringe turned up nothing of blazing note, but still looks pretty honourable by the side of the Festival's prestige offerings; the Harewood touch has yet to extend to the theatre. It is deplorable that the only new drama we were given (*Luther* apart) was two bad plays by fashionable novelists – the worse being *Sappho*, which was published years ago and received with the apathy it deserved, and seems to have been exhumed now merely because Mr Durrell's is a name to conjure with.

I must say something before closing about a play called *A Whistle in the Dark* which has just opened at the Theatre Royal, Stratford East, and which I shall be reviewing next week. The daily notices have been so extraordinarily hostile and insensitive that they may well kill it; please ignore everything they say and see it for yourself. It is a remarkable play, brutal and about brutish people – but so rich, disturbing, uncompromising and precise it makes nearly every other 'serious' play in London look sick.

Two Plays, and Spike

LOUIS MACNEICE

The BBC flew comparatively high three nights running with two plays and Spike Milligan. *Wet Fish* by John Arden was neither as ambitious nor as provocative as one might have expected from the favourite of the Royal Court but, in a workmanlike production by Peter Dews, this story of a fishmonger fallen among architects was charming, amusing, and not too incredible. Its credibility was largely due to the actors who refused the temptation to clown, though that endearingly funny man, Reginald Beckwith, did perhaps overdo his eyework. In spite of its lightness this play had an inexorable fatality: the tide of expenses rises steadily round the doomed fishmonger (Douglas Ives), Graham Rigby's surly foreman deadpans everyone relentlessly, Ralph Hallett's smoothly inflexible archdeacon will obviously never give anything away, while Judith Stott's very young and innocent architect is predestined to put her prentice foot in it. The Northern provincials were nicely outcrooked by an eccentric young Pole, nicely played (i.e. not overplayed) by Alan Edwards. Altogether, between wet fish and dry rot, a horrid time was had by nearly all except the viewers.

If John and/or Penelope Mortimer had written *Wet Fish*, it would have come out sadder, nastier, and more significant. Those who remember that peculiar little play *What Shall We Tell Caroline?* will have admired the Mortimer sleight-of-hand – perhaps one should call it the black fingers – which called up triffid-like plants out of the farcical subsoil. *The Renegade* is not meant to be funny but, while its heroine vanishes inwardly where Caroline vanished outwardly, it could well have used the same theme song: 'Here we sit like birds in the wilderness'. Mrs Mortimer's own note about *The Renegade* reveals that the subject forced itself on her and that she has lived with it for a very long time but this would have been clear enough anyway in Naomi Capon's excellent production. This play is a *play* in the old-fashioned Aristotelian sense (and very welcome too) with a tragic flaw in the leading character and a devastating *peripateia*. A freedom-preaching clergyman encourages his daughter to follow his principles and lets her down when she does. The mother, who has been despised by both of them, suddenly shows her true self but too late. As for the little girl, who has run away from school, she is condemned to return and thereby, one assumes, condemned for life.

The play was very well acted, though the gifted Andrew Cruickshank, (who played the clergyman) is perhaps for television a shade on the large side in facial expression, and even in such things as the stoop of his shoulders. Jane Asher and, of course, Alison Leggatt were thoroughly inside their parts as daughter and mother. Miss Capon used close-up and tracking shots most effectively, perhaps because she did not use them too often (one of the chronic headaches of the television director is fixing the ration of his close shots). Some of the linking devices were very neat – such as the change of scene covered by Beethoven's Ninth Symphony – and Miss Capon even got away with a dream sequence. The whole thing was an exceptionally fine example of television drama, which proves once again the need for writers in this medium. The actors and directors and technicians are there in plenty, but what can they do if their authors have nothing to say? There is nothing so depressing as a peep into the deep freeze where the plays are kept that have been accepted but not yet placed. Depressing not only because most of them are so poor that they should not be there at all but because the few that are good should not be kept there, as they very well may be, too long.

As for Spike Milligan, while everyone ought to be grateful when he is given his head (on sound radio such lunacies as *Itma* and the *Goon Show* were proof that the public is not so earthbound as one might think), I found this 'series of unrelated incidents at current market value' somewhat disappointing: a bit contrived, rather like a Shaggy Dog that has been taught to sit up and beg. Or it may be that television cannot fully accommodate the techniques of music hall and circus, such as custard pies or the Water Act, the latter here tagged on to Handel's *Water Music*. Still, there was a fine, mad Stock Exchange sequence – the ticker tape behaving like demented spaghetti, seas of it – and it was good to see Mr Milligan looking so much like himself; his tragi-comic face is one of the rarest things in show business. The programme began with him giving a weather report and ended (apart from the final captions which were, of course, chanted) with what looked like a nuclear explosion. Bad taste? No doubt.

Storms of Visconti

WILLIAM WHITEBAIT

At last, with three thundering films, Luchino Visconti achieves his full impact on British audiences. The National Film Theatre's Visconti season kicked off with *Ossessione* (1942), his first film, and all last week enthusiasts flocked to *La Terra Trema* (1948). Now, at the Cameo-Poly and the Cameo-Royal, *Rocco and His Brothers* opens for an unlimited run.

Though some 20 years separate last from first, the films form a group. *Rocco and His Brothers* is a return, after years of voyaging in films and the theatre, to early inspiration: a return from strength, very different from the retrogressions of others such as de Sica, who have found neo-realism dying on them. Did Visconti ever belong with neo-realism? He may be said to have started it, but he worked apart and got out; his was a realism without prefix; he is not so much going back as taking up again. *La Terra Trema* was originally planned as one of a trilogy, and he himself refers to *Rocco* as its second part. Both films are self-contained, but for an appreciation of Visconti one can't take one without the other. *La Terra Trema* comes first, in more senses than one.

Today it stands up as a pillar: one of the very few documentaries since the war that affirms and enlarges that approach while observing its strictness. The trouble with most film-making of the kind is that of Roy Campbell's prim poets:

> They use the snaffle and the curb all right
> – But where's the bloody horse?

Visconti's bloody horse is there from the start. His Sicilian village wakes to the arrival of the boats; the bell summons, the prows creep in; the quay is in an uproar of bargaining over cut-throat prices. And this struggle will get worse, past bearing. An old, hard life is in its death-throes.

What Visconti is after is history rather than story. His Sicilians, going their ways, come to life in themselves; they play parts in a conflict inherently theirs and utter their own speech. Improvisation with a purpose was established long before the doodling of *Shadows*, and here it contributes to high drama. In the agony of one family and one man Visconti has encouraged this self-expression of the subject to its limit. His control is impeccable. Unyielding seas, love following a lucky catch, the barrelled anchovies standing about till they must be sold off for almost nothing: these prelude tragedy for the fisherman who must risk life and the loss of nets and boat. With this climax it would have been so easy for Visconti to throw away all he has gained, unleashing the kind of storm Flaherty succumbed to in *Man of Aran*. But the spectacle, the welter in the picturesque, is withheld. Hope has been almost abandoned, news comes, the hulk is towed in. Far worse, ahead lie the weeks of idleness and resistance, till in the end the individual must give in, sign on at a desk. If *La Terra Trema* is Visconti's grandest creation, as I think it is, the reason must be that violence has been held in check.

Rocco and His Brothers lets it loose. Roughly the film begins where the other left off, with the drift of peasants to the industrial north. A family of mother and four sons arrive at night in Milan to join the eldest son, who is not there to meet them on the platform. The city amazes them, doesn't want but will take them – on its own terms. Their first snow brings work, they pick up jobs in a car factory, a boxing gym. Cracks begin to divide the family. So far the scope and method are not so remote from the earlier film's: Visconti intended to provide a modern version of Joseph and his brethren, each son in turn taking the lead. But from the shadows of the boxing hall quite another story has emerged, the rivalry of two brothers, on a Dostoevskian plane. One becomes a punch-drunk clown with a knife, the other is a peasant Prince Myshkin, redeeming the bad blood: he sacrifices himself, his girl, everything, for the sinner's sake – who replies with violence. The girl is raped before her lover's eyes, and murdered, Rocco himself almost battered to death: these tremendous scenes bring their own catharsis, so far as the Censor allows. Violence, male violence, is probed to the heart. But at what cost! Anti-climax descends, such a roaring and sobbing over the crowded bed as will affront not only British phlegm. Violence has been done to the whole giant structure of social conditions embodied in the film – the displaced family under strain, the balance of individualities. The bloody horse has bolted. Let me add that in this stampede, with its demands on actors, Alain Delon and Renato Salvatori make a superb confrontation as the two brothers, and Annie Giradot gives life to their luckless intermediary. Some of the faults of *Rocco* may be discerned in *Ossessione*, in which profligacy got the better of the second half.

No insurgent passions burst the seams with Tony Richardson, the most skilful of our younger directors, if not the best. *A Taste of Honey* (Leicester Square) may not be quite right for him as a film director; but then what is? He's nearer the Royal Court than Stratford East; very much of the theatre, but a dab at roving the dance-halls or the sea-front. Here, he has taken a wild bit of cooped-up sorcery – depending, one would have said, for its seamy charms on the confinement of the theatre – flung open the windows, let in the light, paraded the streets and the waterside. All his directorial skill – which, despite his Hollywood lapse, has grown since *The Entertainer* – has been brought to bear in casting, camera work beguiling the eye, narrative smoothness. Does he tend to substitute the joy of location for the play's spell-binding? In one sequence unforgivably, when he whisks his characters off to Blackpool, and in the bus-ride at dusk with public statues swinging round as we pass, which has more of Richardson than Delaney. But given the sleek realism, innocence and experience grab us by the throat, and Rita Tushingham's Jo is a garlic of a girl, whether daydreaming her black prince, battling with Mum (Dora Ryan), or willing to settle for a queer doe (Murray Melvin). Richardson manages a sad end with fireworks, and his pictorial cunning has more or less done the trick.

THIS
WEEKEND
IN THE
SUNDAY
TIMES

ELSA
AND HER CUBS

The story of Elsa, the lioness reared in domesticity by Joy Adamson and her husband in the African bush, was a classic among animal stories told in the best-selling book, "Born Free", which was serialised in The Sunday Times. Now comes the sequel, "Living Free", the story of Elsa's cubs during their first year. It is told in vivid, living pictures and absorbing text in a new series beginning this weekend — a family story, for all the family.

Inside the Teddy Boy Mind

"No, we don't have so many fights any more. We used to have them, with knives too . . .". This is a young 'Teddy-boy' talking to T. R. Fyvel who has made a detailed study of young people unable to adjust themselves to life in the Welfare State. Read his first searching report on Sunday.

Lawrence of Arabia

"It is my own conviction that the key to the enigma is to be found in a combination of three things — masochism, fear of responsibility and mental breakdown". So writes Anthony Nutting, continuing his startling and controversial assessment of Lawrence of Arabia — a brilliant and perceptive biography.

The Riddle of Van Gogh

He was the painter who cut off his own ear, and who took his own life. He was also one of the greatest portrait painters of his time. Now a new, important collection of his letters is reviewed by John Russell, The Sunday Times art critic.

Among the High Peaks of Fashion

The carefully guarded secrets of those two peaks of the Haute Couture, Balenciaga and Givenchy, are revealed in the first fashion pictures from their Paris collections. Every woman should know what Balenciaga forecasts — because she will be wearing some version of it in 1962.

THE SUNDAY TIMES

In every way a worthwhile newspaper

Teases

DAVID SYLVESTER

Max Ernst's famous portrait group, *Aux Rendezvous des Amis* (included, like most of his major works, in the retrospective exhibition at the Tate), is probably the supreme expression of that teasing affection for Victorian imagery which appears in the work of many revolutionary artists born in the 1880s and 90s. It is found, for example, in Léger's groups of cyclists and circus performers. It is seen at its wickedest in the sepia-and-rose colouring of Duchamp's *La Mariée*. There is even, perhaps, a suspicion of it in the oval format of certain Cubist still lifes. Above all, it occurs constantly in Ernst's work, as in that of lesser Surrealists. But it is *Aux Rendezvous des Amis* which, besides being the most comprehensive parody of such imagery, maintains the nicest balance between irony and nostalgia.

Now, the sort of group portrait that *Aux Rendezvous des Amis* debunks is not so much that of the bourgeois group, the composed family or members of an institution, as that of the artistic group. And its relation to Fantin Latour's pantheons of artists and writers is precisely symptomatic of the difference in mystique between the *avant-garde* groups of the 80s and those of the 20s. Fantin's assembly of poets could easily be mistaken for a view of the Masters' Common Room at Rugby. The significance of this does not relate, I hasten to say, to Verlaine's pedagogic career, but to the longing of the great revolutionary writers and artists of that time to be accepted as useful members of society. Feeling themselves to be part of a group brought consolation for the hostility of the public, but not satisfaction. They wanted the world at large to see the truth as they saw it. At the very least they wanted general recognition of the seriousness of their intentions. So Fantin portrays them as men of probity, men of a worth as solid as that of Rembrandt's syndics.

The Dadaists, on the other hand, had no such hopes. They took it for granted they would be misunderstood. (Their desire to administer sharp shocks came out of their recognition that they were bound to shock anyway. Hence the emphasis they laid in their propaganda on the anti-art element in their work rather than on the art that was there – and how! – despite their iconoclasm: it was like the immoral posture which often has to be assumed defensively by those who are trying to establish a new morality.) They saw themselves as a group, therefore, not simply, as the Impressionists did, as producers, but as consumers: they were their own audience. The Impressionists dealt in the stuff of common human experience, the Sunday pleasures of the people. Dada art was for initiates. If the Surrealist movement failed to sustain the same creative intensity as the Dada movement, I think it was because its necessary esotericism was weakened by a pull in the opposite direction inspired by social commitment and democratic instincts.

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Dada, however, was uninhibitedly conspiratorial. One consequence is that its products are loaded with private jokes and allusions. So with *Aux Rendezvous des Amis*, painted in Paris in 1922, when Dadaism was dissolving into Surrealism. Ernst and a number of his friends pose together in company with a marble bust of Chirico and the live figures of Dostoevsky and Raphael. Ernst's attitude to these interlopers is mysterious to such innocent beholders as ourselves. Is Raphael's presence a tribute or a sneer? Or simply an allusion to the fact that in Raphael's own *Parnassus* there appear familiar faces from the past such as Dante's? Again, Ernst portrays himself seated on Dostoevsky's knee and tweaking his beard. Why is it Dostoevsky in particular who is used here as a surrogate for Ernst's perennial father-figure? Moreover, would we in any case recognise Dostoevsky's role and the nature of Ernst's ambivalence towards him if we did not know our Freud, which the people in the picture did but the art public in 1922 did not?

These in-group allusions persist throughout Ernst's career. In the large painting of 1941-42 called *Day and Night*, a number of paintings-within-the-painting are hung or propped up in a desert. The paintings-within-the-painting are typical Ernsts, but the composition as a whole is clearly a parody of certain Chiricos of 1917, and Chirico of course was the acknowledged father-figure of the Surrealists and in particular of Ernst himself. This is one of many such allusions to Chirico in Ernst's work: the girl running in *Two Children are Threatened by a Nightingale* is clearly meant to be read as the front view of the running girl seen from the back in Chirico's *Mystery and Melancholy of a Street*. But, as we go on looking at *Day and Night*, we realise that the luminous, light-toned pictures within the nocturnal landscape are in fact framed areas of the landscape itself as it is seen by day, and we remember those paintings by a younger Surrealist, Magritte, in which a painting-within-a-painting seems to represent that part of the surrounding landscape which it is concealing from us. Once we have seen this, the Ernst becomes a refinement of Magritte. This sort of competitive kidding is, of course, a classic in-group gambit.

All this would be rather a bore, in spite of the paintings' intrinsic beauty and mystery, if it were not combined with a wealth of allusion to imagery other than that of the group itself. And Ernst's work has the same kind of echoing allusiveness as *The Waste Land*. When Ernst borrows, his audience is clearly meant to recognise the source. With Picasso our pleasure in front of the work depends not at all on our knowing what showcase in the bowels of the Louvre gave him his inspiration. It is later, when we ourselves discover in the Louvre something that Picasso has parodied, that we gain something – in seeing the prototype with a fresh eye. With Ernst, if the allusion is missed at the time we look at the work, so is some of the point of the work. We have to be party to the conspiracy. To take the most obvious example, his series of engravings put together from bits and pieces of Victorian magazine illustrations would lose their unnerving impact did we not know that they had been so put together and were not familiar with the sort of material they are composed of. Next week I shall be touching on certain further aspects of Ernst's allusiveness.

Sequels

DAVID DREW

In the critical world, it is necessary to be a little sceptical of the reception given to sequels. Take, for instance, Decca's recording of *Tristan und Isolde*, which follows the much praised recording of *Das Rheingold*, with the same conductor, Geòrg Solti, and the same orchestra, the Vienna Philharmonic. No two bombs fall in the same crater. Decca, quite forgivably, would like us to think that the new recording is even better than its predecessor; and by way of reaction others may too eagerly call it a disappointment.

The virtues of the *Das Rheingold* recording were in fact no illusion; but neither is the inferiority of the new *Tristan*. More difficult is to discriminate between the parts and the whole. One is left with the general impression that Fritz Uhl's Tristan and Regina Resnik's Brangaene are less than adequate in themselves, and certainly no match for Birgit Nilsson's Isolde; yet with both Uhl and Resnik a blanket judgment is not applicable. If the whole of Resnik's performance were as good as her turret scene in Act 2 it would be a notable event; and the Fritz Uhl who sings so beautifully *with* Nilsson in the later part of the same Act seems to be substantially different from the Uhl who sings on his own, earlier in the opera.

Uhl's performance grows in stature with the opera. Nilsson's begins and continues on a high level of achievement – apart from a recurrent tendency to swallow the final term of a cadence – but surprisingly fails at the close. Solti's contribution to the performance reveals the same sure hand and clear head that were apparent in the *Rheingold* recording. To hear such things as the brilliant double-tonguing of the woodwind accompanying Tristan's 'Und achte auch des Sühne-Eids' is to understand what a fine orchestral trainer he is. There was more than that in his *Rheingold;* but in *Tristan*, where the musical issues are much more complex, Solti does not recover his old form. Even allowing for the conditions of recording and the problems of tape-joins (which the Decca engineers solve miraculously), the performance never develops a really long line.

The Decca *Tristan* has to compete with one of the greatest recorded performances in the history of the gramophone – the HMV version conducted by Furtwängler, with Flagstad as Isolde. In no musical respect does the Decca version stand up to the comparison. The RCA album of Strauss's *Ariadne* *auf Naxos* is likewise faced with almost as powerful a competitor – the famous Columbia version conducted by Karajan. RCA have Erich Leinsdorf conducting the Vienna Philharmonic and Sena Jurinac in the role of the Composer. It is a thoroughly reputable issue, at its best when Jurinac is singing. But to find so little real imagination in the performance of an opera that is 'about' imagination is especially discouraging. The Karajan set remains unchallenged.

The only challenge made by recent recordings of works by Kurt Weill has been to a vacuum: a vacuum in which not only the music itself but even the way of performing it had been dissolved. Columbia's orchestral potpourri entitled 'Kurt Weill in Berlin' does little to improve this situation. However good the intentions, the result is spurious, and like those orchestral arrangements of Italian opera so popular in America, it is better forgotten. The Philips recordings supervised by the composer's widow, Lotte Lenya, are another matter. The recording of the Song-ballet *The Seven Deadly Sins*, with Lenya as soloist, is undoubtedly the most helpful introduction to Weill's music at present available. A single hearing of this music, whose simplicity is far too cunning to be simple, may not prove rewarding. If it can be followed by a more leisured study of the piano score, and then another hearing, the secrets will begin to unfold.

The Philips recording of *Die Dreigroschenoper* is also purposefully dominated by Lenya, and most of the other singing actors take their cue from her. The only complete failure in this fine album is Trude Hesterberg's interpretation of the 'Ballad of Sexual Dependancy'; and the conductor has allowed a couple of lascivious instrumental interpolations which destroy the outrageous good taste of Weill's setting. The album has a magnificent cover design (by Ben Shahn), which must be one of the very few real works of art to have been commissioned for such a purpose. The accompanying notes, written three years ago for the American issue of the album and reproduced here without correction, describe *Die Dreigroschenoper* as 'a timeless masterpiece' – a pretentious phrase for an inspired work designed as a criticism of just that kind of pretentiousness.

Week-end Competition

No. 1,647 **Set by William Whitebait**

We learn that PROs are busy grooming the utterances of MFHs and other hunting folk: such crudities as 'death', 'blood', 'kill' will vanish; and foxes in future will be not torn to pieces but 'disposed of'. In the circumstances some new hunting songs will be required, and competitors are invited to supply them. Limit 12 lines. Entries by 26 September.

Result of 1,644 **Set by L. W. Bailey**

'Having wonderful time; lovely weather; wish you were here'. The identical clichés travel on innumerable picture-postcards during these weeks. The usual prizes are offered for a message on a seaside picture postcard: from Oscar Wilde to Lord Alfred Douglas; Henry James to H. G. Wells; D. H. Lawrence to Middleton Murry; W. H. Auden to Stephen Spender; Noel Coward to Beatrice Lillie; or Evelyn Waugh to Randolph Churchill.

COMPANY MEETING

THE PURNELL GROUP

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SUCCESS OF NEW PUBLICATION

The 27th Ordinary General Meeting of Purnell & Sons Limited will be held on September 29 in London.

The following is the circulated statement of the Chairman and Managing Director, Mr. W. Harvey:

You will observe from the Consolidated Profit & Loss Account that the profit of the Group for the year before providing for taxation is £762,642, being an increase over the previous year of £27,053. After providing for taxation the balance of profit for the year is £377,948, showing an increase over the previous year of £14,909.

In these Accounts it was the intention of your Directors to declare a dividend in excess of the previous year's distribution, but having regard to the Chancellor of the Exchequer's request we have decided to recommend the same final dividend. At the same time we wish to point out to our Shareholders that, as soon as the Chancellor can see his way clear to relax the present conditions, we propose when considering our dividend policy in the future to take into consideration that we have a balance on Profit & Loss Account of £898,856, and we will feel justified in recommending an increased dividend.

In my review of the Accounts for the year to 31st December 1958 I pointed out that our Fixed Assets were greatly in excess of the figure shown in the Balance Sheet, and this is now so to an even greater extent in view of the fact that we have taken a larger share interest in some of our Subsidiary Companies whose Fixed Assets are also of greater value than the figures which appear in their Balance Sheets.

Waterlow & Sons Limited

You will remember that during 1960 we were successful in securing control of Waterlow & Sons Ltd. At that time we had voting control only through the Preference and Preferred Ordinary Shares in that Company. I am pleased to be able to report that we now hold a much larger proportion of the Deferred Ordinary Shares. As has been reported, Waterlow & Sons Ltd. made a loss for the year to 31st December last, and we are not, therefore, able to enjoy any profit from this Company in the account now before you. I am happy to report, however, that since we became interested in this Company and placed behind it the experience of our organization, its trading conditions have improved, and it is now operating on a profitable basis. We hope to include a substantial profit in respect of your Company's interests in Waterlow & Sons Ltd. in the Consolidated Accounts for 1961.

I have to report that before the Chancellor of the Exchequer introduced his interim budget we had committed ourselves to a large capital programme within this Group for our expanding Packaging, Photogravure and Rotary-Litho Divisions. Considerable improvements have in recent times taken place in printing-machinery construction, and you have always supported your Directors in their view that this Company should be in the forefront with such developments. To finance this programme we propose, at an appropriate time, to raise further capital, and when this is done, whether in the form of a Rights Issue or Loan Stock with Conversion Rights, such additional capital will be offered in the first instance to our shareholders.

During the year we decided to launch a weekly magazine for children, printed in colour by lithography, and the first number of *Knowledge* was launched in January 1961 with the support of a most distinguished advisory editorial board. That there was a need for this unique venture in educational publishing, presented in a manner to stimulate the interests of boys and girls, has been proved by its success. The magazine, which is designed to grow into an encyclopaedia, has been welcomed widely by parents and teachers and has added considerably to our publishing goodwill.

Current Trading Position

You will wish, I am sure, to know the position of our trading during the present year, and I am glad to be able to report that the trading of the Group for the current year is in excess of the corresponding period of 1960. We have, however, now to meet immediately very much greater direct labour costs in consequence of national agreements with the unions associated with the printing industry which were negotiated before the Government's recent economic measures. It remains to be seen how far the additional costs can be met by more efficient production methods, which is the constant aim of the Company's management. The rate of increase of direct wages in recent years, and the extent of the capital equipment taking place in European countries, underline most emphatically the importance of ensuring that the Company's plant and methods of production are completely up-to-date.

I wish to pay tribute to my colleagues on the Board, all of whom are full-time executives, and to express my thanks once again to the staff and all our employees for their services and co-operation. It has been a period in which they have been called upon to assist with success from their wide experience gained in our own organization in widening fields of printing and publishing.

EDITORS ARE HUMAN

The School referred to in the article "Editors are Human" (John O'London's) is The London School of Journalism. Several phrases are significant. "I think that the tutor must have spent, on occasions, two hours or more on my lessons." "His comments often run to three or four pages of typescript." The standard of personal coaching given by the LSJ is unsurpassed. If you wish to enquire about the School's various courses, you will not be bombarded with follow-up letters. If you enrol, you will work under one coach who will help you along your own lines. Your work will be returned promptly . . . no waiting for two or three months. LSJ courses cover Articles, Stories, Staff Journalism, Radio Plays, English Literature, History, etc. Ask us to send you 'Writing for the Press' post free:

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Report

Of the writers listed, only Wilde perhaps seems right by the seaside, but the others were no less vocally represented. It was an implied condition that messages should be short enough for the back of a picture-postcard. Fortunately, the better entries were also on the whole the briefer ones, and prizes are divided evenly among these. Half a guinea each to the entries printed.

WILDE TO LORD ALFRED

I like crowded excursion trains; it is such a pleasant relief when the journey ends. I have dined on jellied eels with a charming person connected with literature; he sells newspapers on the sea front. Glad you are not here.

Oscar.

D. Bear

The only thing that convinces me I am abroad is the entire absence of anything but the English middle class – the detestable in pursuit of the indigestible.

Martin Fagg

My Own Boy,

Sea quite immorally blue. Trying to live up to it. Love to Pater.

Oscar.

Stanley J. Sharpless

JAMES TO WELLS

Microcosmic promenade and beach; fare too rich (far unlike, alas! 'Seaview's') for my novel-building organs to digest and transmute. Wish, though, that you were, for however brief a span, here, as beside the briny (putting it pierrot-wise) Kippses, Lewishams and Pollies pullulate.

H.J.

D. Hawes

It seems to me, my dear H.G., that in attempting to recreate for you what I must in all recklessness conceive to be my *impressions* of this – what it all too emphatically is – *place*, I cannot do better than most tentatively resort to that all too suggestive but at the same time so very deliciously explicit locution – 'the bottoms'.

Martin Fagg

LAWRENCE TO MURRY

Only one sort of grub spawns in this fetid sump – an obscenely parasitic bourgeois bug – a mouldering maggot seen through a miscroscope. Frieda and I think of you continually. Regards.

D.H.L.

Martin Fagg

AUDEN TO SPENDER

Stephen,

August for the people. Not for me.

Wystan.

Stanley J. Sharpless

COWARD TO BEA LILLIE

Some absurd error has landed me in this absurd error of a place, fascinating in its quaint old morbid way. Mrs Worthington fills every hotel, while her daughter appears thrice nightly on the pier. Positively *nipped* this morning by a crab with a really frightening resemblance to Ken Tynan.

Martin Fagg

B,

Butlins too amusing. Ahoy, polloi! Adored the pier show – saltiest mummers this side Broadway.

Your man in Clacton,

Noel.

Stanley J. Sharpless

THIS MONTH'S CLASSICAL ACES

Sibelius FOUR LEGENDS FOR ORCHESTRA
Lemminkäinen and the virgins from Saari; The swan of Tuonela; Lemminkäinen in Tuonela; Lemminkäinen's return
The Danish State Radio Symphony Orchestra
conducted by **Thomas Jensen**
ACL 138

Rachmaninov 24 PRELUDES
Moura Lympany
ACL 139/40

OPERATIC HIGHLIGHTS FOR ORCHESTRA
Verdi I vespri siciliani—*Overture;*
Puccini Manon Lescaut—*Intermezzo Act 3;*
Donizetti Don Pasquale—*Overture;*
Rossini L'Italiana in Algeri—*Overture;*
Catalani La Wally—*Prelude Act 3;*
Verdi Nabucco—*Overture*
The New Symphony Orchestra of London
conducted by **Alberto Erede**
ACL 141

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City Lights

TAURUS

If a market is said to be dull when nobody is interested enough to buy, it is something worse when nobody wants either to buy or sell. Steady prices do more damage to City nerves than steady production does to company profits, and it is doubtful whether the strain of sitting still can be borne much longer. But which way the market will move, with nothing to go on but vague rumblings from the unions and a steady trickle of new issues from the banks, is beyond prediction.

Sterling is extremely strong, but the discount houses were rapped sharply over the knuckles for bringing down the Treasury bill rate last week. It is the tightness of credit, in any case, rather than its official price which threatens to cause trouble. The government has been as studiously vague as usual in its advice to the banks; but the call for special deposits, coming at a time when the Budget surplus already promised an unprecedented degree of control over bank liquidity, has titillated the imagination of those who long to experience what a real credit squeeze is like.

The economic indicators, in this atmosphere, matter as little to the City as they seem to matter to the government. The few there are, as it happens, are ambiguous. The latest estimate of retail sales seems, on the face of it, to back up the view that public anxiety to spend is such as to call for fierce restrictive measures; shopkeepers, urging everyone to buy before purchase tax went up, may have been partly responsible for the jump in sales during July, but what of the fact that sales remained high during August?

Of a hundred possible qualifications, the most reliable is that the increase in tax (not to mention the anticipatory increases in tobacco and drink prices) itself forced people to spend the same on buying less; nobody knows, or will know until it is no longer of importance, whether the July restrictions were justified by the trend of consumer expenditure. And the City, which has no time for statistical refinements when there is nothing to sell, is interested only in cruder signs – not so much a rise in the gold reserve or a boom in sterling, though it sticks obstinately to its notion that this is a Good Thing, as a dramatic improvement in the trade position. It may have to wait some months yet for that.

★ ★ ★

The annoyance which Mr Lloyd has caused the unions by his interference with the established machinery of wage negotiation is matched by the wrath which Mr Kennedy and his young men have aroused in the US by interfering with industry's freedom to fix its own prices. Steel wages go up in the US next month (under an agreement which finally settled the strike 18 months ago) and the steel industry, which is doing unexpectedly well out of the business recovery, was all ready to use this as the pretext for raising prices wherever the market could bear it. The President's advisers, however, have done the sort of statistical exercise which the staff of Mr Lloyd's projected Planning Board will presumably perform, and decided that the industry can absorb the wage increase and still make very good profits: the President, only too aware that a new spiral of cost-inflation could wreck his expansionary policy, has written to the steel firms to warn them that price increases might well prevent him from working to bring down unemployment and step up the national rate of economic growth. The steel firms, and the business lobby in general, are furious about this attempt to use public opinion in support of an attack on free enterprise and have still to decide their answer. For the President has nothing but public opinion to back him.

The fact that rumours of price control are in the air shows only that Big Business is on the defensive: the real risk, if it insists on raising prices, is another public investigation and growing public support for long-term measures to break its power. And these things cut both ways. Negotiations with the steelworkers about another three-year contract begin next spring, and the President is suggesting that with a three-year record of price stability behind it the industry would be justified in striking a hard bargain. This first experiment in tackling cost-inflation by persuasion will succeed, if it succeeds at all, by focusing public opinion on the conflict between the demands of particular pressure groups and the good of the community as a whole – the Heyworth Council's main recipe for tackling our own wage-price problem.

* * *

The International Tin Scheme shows how difficult it is to control a world market with a rigid formula and inadequate funds. Three years ago, when prices were falling, speculators easily forced the Scheme to run out of money; three months ago, when prices were rising, they forced it just as easily to run out of tin. Once the market price had pushed through the ceiling, it rose sharply – tin demand is expected to run ahead of supplies for some time to come – and then fluctuated uncertainly. It rose to nearly £1,000 a ton (against the Scheme's selling price of £880) and then, last week, dropped suddenly to below £950 on news that the US government was seeking permission to sell no less than 50,000 tons from its strategic stockpile; it recovered a little when speculators learned that the approval of Congress would take six months to obtain, then fell back again when they heard that quick permission would be asked to sell the first 10,000 tons. Tin shares, which have been booming, fluctuated quite as violently as the metal.

The odds are that the US is now to join the International Tin Scheme, that the Scheme will have its say in the disposal of the 50,000 tons, and that its buying and selling prices will be moved up to take account of the long-term need to encourage higher production from high-cost producers like Bolivia. The speculators need not be unduly alarmed. But the real need, as in all commodity support schemes, is a humble readiness to acknowledge change.

Company News

The two largest and oldest London firms of Australasian merchants, wool-broking and cattle-ranching with one hand, shipping out factory goods with the other, are *Dalgety* and *New Zealand Loan and Mercantile*: they are now to merge, and will manage a quarter of the total wool crop.

Showerings (Babycham), which has been making good business out of cider since its acquisition of *Coates* and *Gaymers*, will be the major partner in a merger with *Whiteways* (Sanatogen as well as cider) and *Vine Products* (VP wines and Britvic fruit juice).

Cyril Lord has raised a loan of £1m from a large US textile group, which will eventually give it a large stake in the company.

The US *Beech-Nut* group (baby-food, chewing-gum and coffee) is bidding for *Tetley*, whose tea-bags have been selling well there.

The Countryside

EDWARD HYAMS

Eavesdropping on farmers talking about the Common Market, I overhear no fears of it. They may be just whistling in the dark; or they may have confidence in their pull with the government. But it's my belief that they just know for a fact that they farm more efficiently than any Europeans but the Dutch and the Danes. Some farmers are expecting to reap a benefit, or so they say. And they may do – if competition from European industry forces down the prices of farm machinery and the other industrial products farmers have to buy. If food prices rise to French levels and the trade unions are strong enough to keep wages rising with them, we might even squeeze our industries into being as efficient as our farms.

One farmer friend has rosy visions: we import good, cheap industrial goods from the Continent; we import cheap food from the Commonwealth; we pay for it with our industrial products as now; and sell our food to the Europeans. A joke. But stranger things

WEST CUMBERLAND SILK MILLS LIMITED

ENTRY INTO INTERIOR DECORATING FABRICS FIELD

The 22nd annual general meeting of West Cumberland Silk Mills Limited was held on September 8 in London, THE RT. HON. LORD WILMOT OF SELMESTON, P.C., J.P. (the Chairman), presiding.

The following is an extract from his circulated statement:

The main event in your Company's activities this year has been the decision to enter the field of Interior Decorating Fabrics.

Judging by the favourable reception, I feel that the expense involved (falling partly in the financial year under review, but mainly in the coming one, and which is non-recurring) is justified, and can be regarded as an investment, the benefits of which will not be seen until later.

We hope steadily to increase our business in this field and thus to achieve a diversification of our activities. I feel confident that in this market your Company will in a short time attain the same leading position as it has in dress fabrics.

Trading conditions throughout the year were difficult, especially in some of our Main Export markets. Trade with Australia was adversely affected, not only by credit restrictions in that country, but mainly by large scale imports of Japanese fabrics, which enter Australia as freely as do British Textiles. Licensing has restricted exports to New Zealand, and this Commonwealth country is also importing more and more of its requirements from Japan. Whilst the volume of our production is fully up to last year, intense competition is affecting our profit margins. This fact coupled with the expenses in launching our Interior Decorating Fabrics may result in somewhat lower profit figures during the coming financial year.

These innovations have involved our Directors, Staff and Workpeople in exceptionally heavy work and on your behalf, as well as on my own, I would like to take this opportunity of recording our appreciation and thanks.

The report and accounts were adopted and a dividend of 24 per cent., less tax, was approved.

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have happened in the looking-glass land of uncontrolled economies. Supposing France and Italy and Ireland were to be shaken into farming as well as we do, or even as the Dutch do. They could feed all Europe. Hard on New Zealand and Australia, but after all it really is stupid to bring food 12,000 miles when we ought to be able to buy it less than 100 miles away. And there's more to it than that: as more hitherto agricultural countries industrialise – it's a symptom of the disease of nationalism – we shall have to pay more for less food. Ultimately we shall not be able to buy it at all. Europe must feed herself, or starve.

* * *

Holiday-beach nakedness reveals not only a decline in taste – it's surely vile taste to expose large masses of flesh etiolated and bloated by age and sedentary living – but a singular change in the British male body. It is becoming not exactly fat, but full and soft. That fair leanness matched by the dark leanness to be seen on Mediterranean beaches has gone. At a lunch picnic on a cliff overlooking a beach, four of us were over 45, male and lean. With what complacency did we criticise the puddiness of the youths disporting themselves down there on the sands. The doctor in our party blamed sugar, bread, and milk. My own view was that the mind, already Americanised, was at work Americanising the body.

A good lady in her sixties, estimated weight 16 stone, hair dirty yellow, rouge and lipstick *lie-de-vin* which gave an alarming appearance of imminent apoplexy, lumbered past in white shorts and an orange suntop. The oldest, hardest member of our party remarked savagely that he'd often wondered what was meant by meat on the hoof. Properly draped, her flesh would have made her impressive. Later, we walked the clifftop and found minute scyllas blooming leafless and soft blue in the short grass. The autumnal squill, something of a rarity. I don't know why such a find 'makes my day'. Back in the town to fetch the car, four out of ten people of all ages were eating in the streets: ices, and things on sticks: the raw material of all that not very solid flesh on the beach, no doubt.

* * *

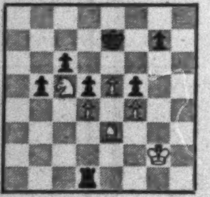
Having finished the concrete lining of the water-lily pond, it was necessary to 'render' it, that is to give it a waterproof skin of fine cement and sand. Plastering, which is what it comes to, is very skilled work. It is impossible to get any kind of building work done down here without waiting for months, so I had to do it myself. Most enjoyable. I rubbed the skin off my knuckles with the back of the plasterer's trowel, but the finished result, which wouldn't pass a foreman of course, is not too bad, and it seems, after sealing with waterglass, to be waterproof.

The pleasure I took in this job led to thoughts on a kind of inequity we never consider. The man whose work is of the kind which gives him satisfaction, is privileged. But unto him that hath shall be given: he gets more pay for enjoying himself than the unskilled operative for being bored into bingo-playing. Clearly inequitable. Tom Sawyer managed much better: it will be remembered that he made his little friends pay for helping him to whitewash his aunt's fence.

The Chess Board

No. 618. Seven-League Boots

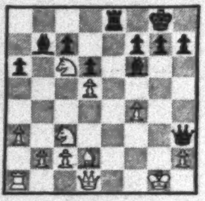
That's what a pawn seems to be gifted with, once that patient foot-slogger gets his chance of pressing on; and whenever passed pawns are let loose in the transition to the ending we are likely to see some pretty exciting tactical finessing. Here (Shamkovitch-Shachov, 1959) is one such position dug out by Max Euwe in one of his searching analyses of significant endings. At first glance, what with two pieces for a rook and the passed KP, White seems to be well placed, but in point of fact, after 1) . . .b4 Black has a won game, though not without a bit of a fight. To run after the P would be no good for White since 2) Kf2,Rb1; 3) Ke2,b3; 4) Kd2, b2; 5) Kc2,Re1 would cost the Bishop. So White must seek his own tactical chances in the dynamic of his own passed pawn. What happened was 2) Bf2!, Rb1! [Much better than . . . Ke8 which would lead to a draw]; 3) Bh4†.Ke8; 4) e6,b3; 5) Ktb7 [Looks very promising, but now comes the tactical finesse], g5!! [Now if Bg5: White would permit . . . Re1 with an immediate win for Black, hence he chose the other evil of blocking the Bishop's diagonal]; 6) fg:,Rh1!! Wins at once, but the more pedestrian . . . b2, followed by . . . Rg1† would have done as well.



Now here (Johannson-Teschner 1960) is a position which led to equally interesting manoeuvres in utilising the dynamic of a passed pawn. /r/3r2k/p1P3pp/1p1Kt3q/5p2/2Q5/8/PP3PPP/3Rkt1K1/. White's last move had been Ktd6 with all sorts of nasty threats. Black cannot, of course, counter by . . . Qf6 because White would simply take the rook and then queen the pawn. Relatively best was . . . Qg6 with the sequel 2) Ktf7†, Kg8; 3) Kte5†, Qe6; 4) Qe6:†Re6:; 5) Rd8†, Re8; 6) Ra8:,Ra8:; 7) Ktc6! [This is the point, the threat now being Ktb8 while . . . Rc8 is ruled out on account of Kte7†]. Black played . . . Re8 whereupon the Knight went the other way round to secure the valiant pawn's passage. 8) Ktd8! Black might have resigned, but he fought on for some sort of material equivalent ,Ktd3; 9) g3,Kte5; 10) c8(Q),Ktf7; 11) Qd7,Rd8:; 12) Qa7:,f4, 13) gf:,b5; 14) Qb6,Rd1†; 15) Kg2, Ktd6; 16) Qd8†,Kf7; 17) Qd7†,Kf6; 18) f5!, resigns.

The 4-pointer for beginners is a game position in which Black having sacrificed a piece for the attack recovered it by 1) . . . Bc6:; But can't White retake the Bishop? As a matter of fact he did. But he shouldn't have! How was he punished and forced to resign a couple of moves later? For 6 and 7 ladderpoints **B**, a draw, and **C**, a win are quite brilliant (and none too difficult). Usual prizes. Entries by 25 September.

A: Mayer 1959



B: F. J. Prokop 1925: /Kt3K3/16/7p/8/6k1/16/.

C: A. A. Troitzky 1910: /8/1qp1k3/p4p2/3PKt3/3RP3/8/PP3Pkt1/7K1/.

REPORT on No. 615. Set 25 August

A: 1) Bg6:!, Qh4:; 2) Bf7†, Kf7:; 3)Rg7†, Ke6; 4) Re7 mate.

B: 1) Kc2!, b3†; 2) Kc1, e5; 3) h7, e4; 4) h8(Kt)!, e3; 5) Ktg6, fg:; 6) f7, g5; 7) f8(Kt)!, g4; 8) Kte6, g3; 9) Ktd4, g2; 10) Ktb3: mate.

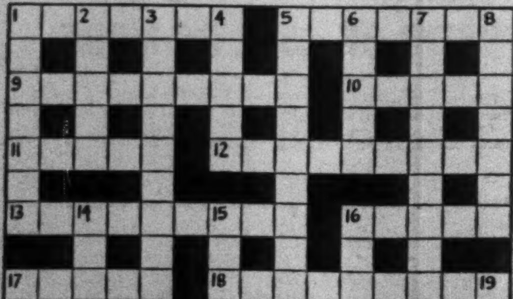
C: 1) Bc6!, Rb1†; 2) Ke2, Rh1:; 3) Bg2†!!, Kg2:; 4) Ktf4†, Kg1; 5) Ke1, g2; 6) Kte2 mate.

Easy enough. Plenty of flawless solutions. Prize fund inflated by recently undistributed consolation prize, shared by C. Allen, J. W. Atkinson, J. W. Eccelson, C. R. Hattersley, J. Mitchell, C. Sandberg, J. J. Walsh.

ASSIAC

Week-end Crossword 475

Prizes: Three book tokens of 15s. for the first correct solutions opened. Entries to Crossword 475, New Statesman, Great Turnstile, London, WC1, by first post 26 September.



ACROSS

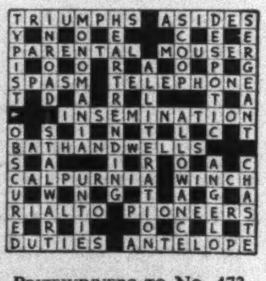
1. A man with a drink inside is company (7).
5. Though drunk, the best came first (7).
9. Devising what may be given in about the National Trust (9).
10. Area which has been returned in two parts (5).
11. Instrument with which to exclude a liberal (5).
12. Crossed with a line in unfinished business (9).
13. The courageous without number gad about (9).
16. Vessel with airmen amidships (5).
17. Force which starts to hold (5).
18. Traps for pests in wide-awake journals (9).
20. Battle for drink in place of tennis (9).
23. Forest in which the keeper is beheaded (5).
25. Dwelling place hard by a river (5).
26. Perhaps the right name for a nasty experience (9).
27. Sign of authority and potential respect (7).
28. Part of water for expert in aquatic sports? (7).

DOWN

1. It has its letters and holds two degrees (7).
2. No German gets up about five for a star (5).
3. Entertainment gives Pam no time to change (9).
4. Live although its number is up (5).
5. Display which is a long time in store (9).
6. Boat whose wreckage is seen in the ocean (5).
7. Do parliament's job when the member is unpunctual (9).
8. Name and date altered Shaw's character (7).
14. Deal suits shuffled in weakness (9).
15. Financial resources put a barrier round the epidemic (9).
16. The eccentric makes the domestic cater oddly (9).
17. Steals from post offices without pain (7).
19. The pure incorporated in the dry (7).
21. Temperatures in centigrade are misleading (5).
22. River which makes a quotation on us (5).
24. If the moon rose it would be a help (5).

SET-SQUARE

Solution to No. 473



PRIZEWINNERS TO NO. 473
C. M. Mackay (Glasgow)
Mrs K. Watkins (London)
L. Slater (Birmingham)

CLASSIFIED ADVERTISEMENTS cost 6s. 6d. per line (average six words), minimum two lines. Box number 2s. 6d. Prepayment essential. Semi-display giving greater prominence £5 per inch. Copy by Tuesday first post New Statesman, Great Turnstile, London, WC1. Telephone HOLborn 8471

APPOINTMENTS VACANT

WEST RIDING COUNTY COUNCIL EDLINGTON SECONDARY SCHOOL AND EDLINGTON NEW COMPREHENSIVE SECONDARY SCHOOL

Applications are invited for the post of Headmaster/Mistress which will be created as a result of the amalgamation of adjoining boys' and girls' secondary schools at Edlington, near Doncaster. Amalgamation will take place on the appointment of the new head.

There were 850 pupils on roll in the two schools in September 1961. The school will be in Group XV; when new school buildings become available the Group will probably be XVII, and the school will move into a higher Group as academic work develops and the VIth Form grows. The Catchment area of the school will include both industrial and attractive rural areas.

The appointment offers a challenge to a new Head. He/she will have the problem of integrating the work of a boys' non-selective school and a girls' non-selective school, which are housed in adjacent premises, and of developing extended courses in the amalgamated school. Provision for the complete rehousing of the school in new buildings has been included by the Minister of Education in a Major Building Programme and it is expected that building work will start early in 1963. When the new school buildings are ready the school will begin to admit children at 11+ from the whole ability range and it will then be possible for the Head to arrange strong academic courses and develop the school as a comprehensive one. The new buildings will be for a school of some 1,300 pupils and will cost in the regions of £440,000. The new buildings will incorporate the most up-to-date facilities for Secondary Education which include special provision for Advanced Courses and VIth Form pupils.

Applicants must be graduates of a British university.

Forms of application and further particulars obtainable from the Education Officer, County Hall, Wakefield.

SOMERSET COUNTY COUNCIL CHILDREN'S COMMITTEE

Applications are invited from suitably qualified persons for the post of Assistant Children's Officer (Child Care). The Officer appointed will be responsible for developing further the boarding out of children in care and will act as a senior casework consultant in the Department. Salary in accordance with APT Grade IV (£1,140-£1,310).

Further details and application form may be obtained from the Children's Officer, County Hall, Taunton. Closing date for applications 30 September 1961.

ADDENBROOKE'S HOSPITAL DEPARTMENT OF CHILD PSYCHIATRY

Psychiatric Social Workers required for the Child Psychiatric Service of the Cambridge area which is based on Cambridge with peripheral clinics in Huntingdon Hospital and March.

Social Workers with relevant experience considered. Establishment for 3 Psychiatric Social Workers and two vacancies exist. Clinic may be visited by arrangement with the Consultant Child Psychiatrist.

Applications with names of 3 referees to the Secretary, United Cambridge Hospitals, Addenbrooke's Hospital, Cambridge, by 16 October 1961.

MID HERTS GROUP HOSPITAL MANAGEMENT COMMITTEE

HIGH WICK

Applications are invited from Women experienced in work with children for the post of Child Care Worker at the above Psychiatric Unit for mentally ill children aged 3-11. A two-year training course offers candidates unique opportunities for both theoretical and practical training. Salary £475 x £25(5) – £600 per annum less £120 per annum for board-lodging.

Application forms obtainable from Dr George Stroh, Consultant Psychiatrist-in-Charge, High Wick, Tyttenhanger, Near St Albans, Herts.

VOLUNTARY Social Worker required for position of Secretary to the Education Committee of Slough & District Co-operative Society. Should prove interesting and rewarding: Education Secretary, 6 The Grove, Slough, Bucks.

APPOINTMENTS VACANT—continued

SMITH HOSPITAL, HENLEY-ON-THAMES, OXON

Applications are invited for the post of Psychiatric Social Worker at Smith Hospital for children. Candidates must hold a Certificate approved by the Association of Psychiatric Social Workers.

Smith Hospital is a small Unit of 46 beds catering for Psychotic disorders in children. The post has been established to assist the present Staff in the design and execution of a comprehensive research project into psychosis in children. In addition to case work with parents, the job will include collecting and organising material for purposes of research, in collaboration with the psychiatric team. The Adolescent Unit at Borocourt Hospital, Peppard, which is used as an extension of Smith Hospital for the older boys, is to be included in the Project. This Unit has 25 beds.

The PSW Department is housed in pleasant new offices and salary is in accordance with Whitley Council Scales.

Applications with names of three referees, to be sent to the Group Secretary, The St Birinus Group Hospital Management Committee, Fair Mile Hospital, Wallingford.

Further details of the post can be obtained from the PSW Department, Smith Hospital.

SEVERALLS HOSPITAL MANAGEMENT COMMITTEE

APPLICATIONS are invited for the appointment of SENIOR CLINICAL PSYCHOLOGIST. Applicants should have an honours degree with Psychology as a main subject or other approved qualifications, and should have had at least five years' experience in the grade of Psychologist (including probationary period). The successful candidate will have charge of the Department of Psychology and be expected to take part in the teaching and research activities of the hospital. National Health Whitley Council conditions of service.

Salary at present on the scale £1,100 to £1,500 per annum.

Applications with details of experience and the names of two referees to the GROUP SECRETARY, SEVERALLS HOSPITAL, COLCHESTER, ESSEX.

HOSPITAL FOR SICK CHILDREN,

GREAT ORMOND STREET, WC1

CHILD PSYCHOTHERAPIST reqd, either whole-time or maximum part-time. Applicants should have had recognised training and experience in child psychotherapy, and should be members of the Association of Child Psychotherapists (non-medical).

Remuneration is subject to negotiation with the Ministry of Health according to the qualifications and experience of the successful candidate.

Forms of application, which should be returned by 30 September 1961, may be obtained from the House Governor.

DR BARNARDO'S CHILD GUIDANCE CLINIC STEPNEY CAUSEWAY, E1

Experienced PSW (Woman) required full-time from 1 October. Good experience amongst deprived children. Car provided. Whitley Scale.

Apply Chief Medical Officer as above. Tel. STEpney Green 3400.

CITY OF BATH EDUCATION COMMITTEE

Bath Academy of Art, Corsham, Wilts.

Applications are invited for the post of Assistant Catering Superintendent. Applicants should be trained and experienced in Institutional Management. Salary £555 x £20 to £625, including £110 allowance for board and residence. Particulars and application forms from the Principal at the above address.

H. W. Brand, Director of Education, Guildhall, Bath.

INTERVIEWING THE PUBLIC

Are you interested in becoming an interviewer? Then why not work for a really progressive firm using the most modern and interesting methods?

We are looking for women with a good standard of education, aged between 25 and 45, who have three or more days a week to spare.

We would also like to hear from women who feel that their educational background and personality give them the special qualities which are required for depth interviewing. Replies to Box 5595.

HOUSEMOTHERS reqd young spastic centre. Salary scale joint council local govt. Good social life. Apply Warden, Coombe Farm Centre, Oaks Rd, Croydon.

APPOINTMENTS VACANT—continued

SECRETARY of the UNITED NATIONS ASSOCIATION

Applications are invited for the above. Salary: £1,180 x £30 – £1,360 p.a. with childrens' allowances and contributory pension scheme. Form and further information will be sent on receipt of addressed foolscap envelope to UNA, 25 Charles Street, London, W1. Closing date for applications 2 October 1961.

PRISON WELFARE SERVICE

HM Training Prison & Prison Staff College, Wakefield

Further applications are invited from suitably qualified men or women for appointment as a social case worker at the above. Experience of modern case work methods is essential and a qualification in Social Studies is desirable. Commencing salary as for Probation Service £835 (age 29 or over) with six annual increments to £1,025. Credit for approved previous experience.

Further details and application forms (returnable by 30 Sept. 1961) from General Secretary, NADPAS, 66 Eccleston Square, London, SW1.

PRISON WELFARE SERVICE

Applications are invited from suitably qualified men or women for appointments as social case workers at HM Prisons in London and Preston. Adequate experience in an appropriate capacity is essential and a qualification in social studies is desirable. Commencing salary as for Probation Service £835 (age 29 and above) and six increments to £1,025. London post carrying additional weighting of £40.

Further details and application forms (returnable by 30 September 1961) from General Secretary, NADPAS, 66 Eccleston Square, London, SW1.

UNIVERSITY of Canterbury, Christchurch, New Zealand. Adult Education Department. Full-time Tutor for North Canterbury. Applications are invited for the above-mentioned position from candidates able to organise and conduct classes in aspects of Science and generally to promote educational work among adults; they should possess a University degree in Science or in Agricultural Science. The appointing committee will attach considerable importance to evidence of good organising ability, as well as teaching capacity, and to experience in community organisation. The appointee will be required to live in Christchurch and as a certain amount of travelling will be necessary, travelling expenses will be paid on a scale approved by the Regional Council of Adult Education. The successful candidate must be prepared to drive a car. The salary attached to the position will be at the rate of £870 per annum, rising by annual increments of £50 to £970 per annum for a junior tutor and £1,160 per annum, rising by annual increments of £50 to £1,460 per annum for a tutor. The University will consider payment of approved fares to Christchurch for the appointee, his wife and children. A contribution will be made towards approved removal expenses. Further particulars and information as to the method of application should be obtained from the Secretary, Association of Universities of the British Commonwealth (Branch Office), Marlborough House, Pall Mall, London, SW1. Applications close, in New Zealand and London, on 14 Oct. 1961.

UNIVERSITY of Otago, Dunedin, New Zealand. Lecturer in Education. Applications are invited for this position. Salary £1,250 x £75 – £1,700 per annum. Further particulars are available from the Secretary, Association of Universities of the British Commonwealth (Branch Office), Marlborough House, Pall Mall, London, SW1, or from the Registrar, University of Otago, Dunedin, New Zealand. Applicns close in London and New Zealand on 20 Nov. 1961.

MAKERERE University College – East Africa. Applications are invited for three Resident Tutorships in the Department of Extra-Mural Studies. The appointees will work in the first instance in Tanganyika and in the following areas: Meru-Kilimanjaro-Tanga area centred on Moshi; Southern Highlands area centred on Iringa; and Lake Victoria area centred on Mwanza. Salary scale £1,350-£2,151 p.a., entry point determined by qualifications and experience. FSSU. Child allowance £50 p.a. per child (max. £150 p.a.). Passages for appointee and family (up to five adult passages) on appointment, termination and leave (three months every 21 months). Part-furnished quarters at low controlled rental or housing allowance in lieu. Detailed applications (6 copies) naming 3 referees by 20 October 1961 to Secretary, Inter-University Council for Higher Education Overseas, 29 Woburn Square, London, WC1, from whom further particulars may be obtained.

WANTED Assistant Field Officer, male, for Warwickshire Association of Youth Clubs. Interesting experimental sphere. NAYC salary scale according to experience. Further details and application form from The Chairman, 5 Regent Grove, Leamington Spa, Warwicks.

APPOINTMENTS VACANT—continued

UNIVERSITY College, Ibadan, Nigeria. Applications are invited for post of Secretary to the Institute of Child Health. Administrative experience essential; a university degree an advantage. Secretary required to act for Director during absence. Appointment to commence as soon as possible for three years in first instance. Salary according to qualifications and experience on scale: £1,200 x £75 – £1,650 (bar); £1,725 x £75 – £2,175 p.a. Passages paid for appointee, wife and up to five children under 11 years, on appointment, overseas leave and termination. FSSU. Children's, car and outfit allowances. Detailed applications (6 copies) naming 3 referees by 18 October 1961 to Secretary, Inter-University Council for Higher Education Overseas, 29 Woburn Square, London, WC1, from whom further particulars may be obtained.

KING Alfred School, North End Road, London, NW11. Headmaster required in September 1962 to work with a Co-Head in this independent, co-educational day school (recognised by the Ministry of Education) where exceptional opportunities exist for development and expansion of academic and creative work over a wide age range up to University. Salary not less than Burnham. Apply before 30 September with references to Roderick Garrett, Chairman of Council, 28 Southwood Lane, Highgate, London, N6.

BBC requires External Services Producer in Manchester. Duties, which relate primarily to North of England contributions to BBC's Overseas and European Services, involve co-ordination and organisation of these contributions, and preparation and production of programmes mainly in Spoken Word field – talks, news and features. Selected candidate will bear full responsibility for production of some of these programmes and will co-operate with specialist producers on others for domestic as well as for External Services. Informed interest in Commonwealth and world affairs expected. Experience in production and good knowledge of North of England will be advantageous. Salary £1,380 (possibly higher if qualifications exceptional) rising by five annual increments to £1,780 max. p.a. Requests for application forms (enclosing addressed envelope and quoting reference 61.G.420 N.Stm) should reach Appointments Officer, Broadcasting House, London, W1, within five days.

THE Executive Committee of the Central After Care Association invites applications from suitably qualified men for the post of Secretary and Deputy to the Director of the Men's Division of the Association. The Men's Division is responsible for the supervision and after-care of men released under licence from certain categories of prison sentence, and its work is described in the Annual Report of the Council of the Central After Care Association (HMSO 2s.). The responsibilities of the post include the interpretation of policy, supervision of case work, and the administration of the London Office and staff. Practical experience of modern social casework methods is essential in addition to adequate administrative experience. Candidates should preferably be between 30 and 50 years of age. Salary, inclusive of London Weighting, will be £1,573, rising annually by £52/78 to £1,937. The starting salary will normally be at the minimum of the scale, but exceptionally a higher starting salary may be authorised for a particularly well qualified candidate. Contributory pension scheme. Further particulars and application forms are available from the Director, Men's After Care, 66 Eccleston Square, London, SW1 and completed applications must be received not later than 30 Sept. 1961.

LONDON County Council, Children's Department. Men and women suitably qualified and with experience of work with deprived children and their families required as Child Welfare Officers at Area Children's Office, 345 Holloway Road, N7. Home Office Certificate in Child Care or Certificate in Applied Social Studies desirable. Area covers Islington, Holborn and Finsbury and its out-county boarding area is Middlesex, Herts, Beds. Considerable travelling involved. Married women formerly engaged in related social work and now seeking re-employment also considered. £740-£1,060 according to qualifications and experience. Form and details from Children's Officer (E.1/N/2546/9), County Hall, SE1.

PESTALOZZI Children's Village Trust seeks Warden to take charge of Village and develop its international school. At present 42 boys and girls, aged 11-16, in residence, increasing to 70 in 1962 and finally, as building progresses, to 300 of many nationalities and races. Warden should be qualified and experienced teacher, preferably with residential experience. Salary by agreement commensurate with qualifications and experience, plus own house and free board for Warden and family. Appointment to date from 1 January 1962 or, if necessary, later by arrangement. Further details from Chairman, Pestalozzi Trust, Sedlescombe, Battle, Sussex.

BRISTOL & District Society for Mentally Handicapped Children. Assistant Secretary, Shorthand/Typist. Afternoons and some evenings to establish small office in Stokes Croft, Bristol, dealing with social and welfare work, able to drive an advantage; mod. salary. Apply J. W. Merritt, 14 Lawrence Gro., Westbury-on-Trym, Bristol.

APPOINTMENTS VACANT—continued

SENIOR Child Care Officer (male) with suitable qualifications and experience required to undertake statutory reviews and possibly student supervision, in addition to a small case-load. Appointment within APT scales in accordance with experience and qualifications. Transferable Superannuation Scheme. Headquarters London. Apply in writing, stating age, education, qualifications and experience, enclosing copies of testimonials and names of two referees, to the Children's Officer, Thomas Coram Foundation, 40 Brunswick Sq., Lndn, WC1.

CHILD Care Officer (Woman) with suitable qualifications and experience required for Eastern Counties area. Able to drive car. Travelling and subsistance allowances. Appointment within APT special scale (£665-£975) according to experience, plus London Weighting. Transferable Superannuation Scheme. Headquarters London. Apply in writing, stating age, education, qualifications and experience, enclosing copies of testimonials and names of two referees, to the Children's Officer, Thomas Coram Foundation, 40 Brunswick Sq. WC1.

PSYCHIATRIC Social Worker (holding appropriate qualifications) required for Henderson Hospital, Sutton. This unit specialises in treatment of character disorders in a Therapeutic Community. Salary and conditions as prescribed by Whitley Council. Further information can be obtained on request. Applications giving full details as to age, qualifications and experience together with the names and addresses of two referees should reach the Group Secretary, St Ebba's & Belmont Group Hospital Management Committee, Group Office, Belmont Hospital, Brighton Road, Sutton, Surrey, as soon as possible.

MARLBOROUGH Day Hospital, 38 Marlborough Place, London, NW8. Psychiatric Social Worker for Adult and Children's Dept. Interesting duties in modern day hospital methods of treatment. Candidates (male or female) should possess the Mental Health Certificate. Whitley Council salary scale. Detailed applications with names of two referees, to Medical Director immediately.

INSTRUCTOR required to supervise tailor's shop and assist in the treatment and rehabilitation of socially maladjusted adult patients. Teaching the patients a trade is not involved. A good personality and interest in people essential. Previous experience with this type of patient not necessary as training on the job. Apply to The Medical Director, Henderson Hospital, Brighton Rd, Sutton, Surrey, for further particulars.

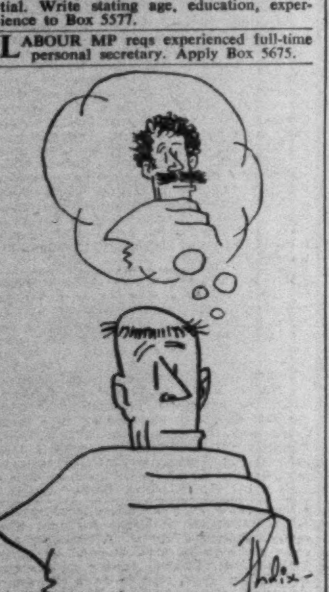
ART & Craft Teacher (qualified) for small groups emotionally disturbed children. Applicants must be single, experienced, and willing to offer other subjects. Applications to the Principal, Adlestrop Park, Nr Moreton-in-Marsh, Gloucestershire.

HOUSEMOTHER reqd Vegetarian Home for elderly ladies. Apply: Secretary, 171 Comptons Lane, Horsham, Sussex.

CONSTRUCTORS John Brown Ltd require a Woman Graduate in the Technical Sales Group to be responsible for the collection and analysis of economic and statistical information concerning the chemical and associated industries. Applicants should have recently graduated in Geography, Commerce, or Economics as principal subjects. Some knowledge of Chemistry would be an additional asset. Please write to: The Personnel Manager, Constructors John Brown Limited, CJB House, Eastbourne Terrace, Paddington, London, W2, quoting ref. M.2377.

INDEXER (female) required for London newspaper office. Some experience essential. Write stating age, education, experience to Box 5577.

LABOUR MP reqs experienced full-time personal secretary. Apply Box 5675.



WORLD University Service. The British Committee invites applications for the post of General Secretary to take office early in December. Graduate 25-40 preferred. Position requires initiative, administrative and organising ability and capacity for public speaking. Some travel in England. Salary range £750-£850 according to experience. Further particulars from General Secretary, WUS, 59 Gloucester Place, London, W1. Applications should reach her by 21 Sept.

THE Editor of 'Which?' requires an experienced Secretary, who must be intelligent, punctual and have initiative. A high shorthand and typing standard is essential. Excellent working conditions, five-day week, one month's holiday a year. Age 25 to 40. Salary according to qualifications. Please apply in writing only to Administration Officer, Consumers' Association Ltd, 14 Buckingham Street, WC2.

THE Liberal Synagogue, St John's Wood Road, NW8, invites applications for Personal Secretary to the Senior Minister. Competent, experienced lady of good education, preferably in thirties, for responsible appointment. Congenial conditions – 5-day week. Apply in first instance to Mr Cross, CUN. 5181.

NEWS Director reqs personal assistant. Preferably with degree, shorthand-typing, good record in industry or commerce. Salary about £700. Box 5517.

TRANSLATOR/typist for French language wanted for international trade union office. French mother-tongue or bilingual pref. Gd working conditions. Please apply Box 5382 not later than 23 Sept. 1961.

PART-time office assistant wanted for political journal. Typical left-wing conditions – only strong need apply. Box 5478.

PERSONAL Assistant/Secretary required for busy market research executive Professional Institute/Trade Association. Intelligence, organising ability and willingness to take responsibility are of first importance. Age 27-35. Realistic salary. Good working conditions. Opportunity for interesting and permanent career. Box 5701.

TV Advertiser, W1, seeks Secretary/PA, 30/35, with knowledge of bookkeeping. Salary £13. Portman Bureau, 78 George Street, W1. HUN. 0676.

PERSONAL Secretary reqd with office exp. & modern languages. Applications, stating salary, to: Director, International Cooperative Alliance, 11 Upper Grosvenor St, W1, marking envelope confidential.

PUBLIC Relations Dept of large Advg Agency require Secretary. Good speeds essen. Exc. prosp. Hrs 10-6. No Sats. Tel.: Mrs Arthy, AMB. 3424 for appointment.

ARE you tired of concrete and chromium? Do you hate rush-hour travel? Come and work in an Elizabethan manor house, complete with oak panelling, a dungeon and a ghost. (But we have pleasant offices and modern lighting.) Shorthand-typists wanted at Trade Union Head Office. 35-hour week, 3 weeks holiday rising to 4, £8 10s. at age 18 rising to £12 at age 24. ASSET, 'Sutton House', 2/4 Homerton High Street, Hackney, E9. AMHerst 4792.

FOR Glass and Stainless Steel Department Finmar Ltd requires lady to assist in serving customers and answering correspondence and telephone calls. Typing ability essential. Apply Finmar Ltd, 26 Kingly Street, London, W1. REG. 8308.

SHORTHAND-typists required for Trade Union Research and Parliamentary typing service. Salary at 21 years of age £11 8s. rising to £11 18s. per week after six months approved service. Five-day (35 hour) week; contributory superannuation scheme; good holidays. Telephone Administrative Officer, VICtoria 7671/8 for interview.

A GENUINE selection of attractive office posts. Mayfair Staff Selection Bureau, 5a Princes St, Hanover Sq., W1 (opp. Dickins & Jones). HYD. 6471.

SHORTHAND-typists. Temporary, 10-5 p.m. GK Bureau, MUSeum 6858.

MEDICAL Secretaries & Receptionists urgently required for Doctors and Hospitals. Perm. & temp. M. & S. Agency, 32 Queen Victoria St, EC4. CITy 7131.

COOK-housekeeper, part-time, to live with progressive family in house on Hampstead Heath. HAM. 2138 after 7 p.m. or write 31 Tanza Road, NW3.

APPOINTMENTS WANTED

WOMAN graduate PPE Oxford, young, married, seeks job Oct. London. Particularly keen on social work. Untrained but some experience. Regret no sec. training. Anything else considered. Box 5648.

CAMB. grad. f., fluent Portuguese, French, gd Spanish, can type, wide interests, sks work mornings. Write Box 5556.

EDUCATIONAL psychologist (f.), with teaching experience, offers special tuition of children. Box 5519.

LADY artist seeks creative job – lettering, design. Urgent. Box 5602.

CAMB. grad. (f.), secretarial and pubg exp., French and Spanish, sks job three/four mornings wkly. Write Box 5557.

WOMAN graduate middle 50's, Engl.-German bi-lingual, good knowledge French, clerical, teaching, translation exper., very good at figures, seeks intg position where quick, intell. worker reqd. Box 5683.

FELLOWSHIP

AUSTRALIAN National University, Institute of Advanced Studies. Research School of Social Sciences. Applications are invited for a Research Fellowship in the Department of History. The Department, under Professor Sir Keith Hancock, has concentrated hitherto on the study of the history of Australia and of the British Commonwealth. To broaden the work of the Department a new Research Fellowship has been created. Applicants with qualifications in Modern European History will be given the highest priority. The salary will be within a range at present £A1,625-£A2,450 p.a. Appointment will be for three years, with possible extension to five years. Superannuation is on the FSSU pattern. Reasonable travel expenses are paid, and assistance with housing is provided. Further particulars should be obtained from the Secretary, Association of Universities of the British Commonwealth (Branch Office), Marlborough House, Pall Mall, London, SW1. Applications close, in Australia and London, on 31 October 1961.

WHERE TO STAY

A FEW twin-bedded rooms for October in small friendly Hotel in Britain's Best Climate. (Town claim). From 7 gns inc. Many extras i.e. b. in b. if reqd. C.h. if weather cool (every room). Rec. by readers. Write for illustrated brochure, Normanhurst, Sea Front, St Leonards, Sussex. Premier position: opp. sheltered promenade 100 sun shelters, near Churches, Pavilion, Sun Lounge – 6 theatres and cinemas.

HILL-lovers offer hospitality in converted farmhouse. Beautiful & remote position Welsh mountains nr Llyn Geirionydd. Mod. comfort, good food & fires. Friendly & informal, 7-8 gns. George & Elaine Bonner, Penrallt, Trefriw. Tel. Llanrwst 566.

SUSSEX. 18th Century Lamb House, Chapel Hill, Lewes. Comf. rooms, breakfast. Tel. 3773. Closed Oct. only.

KESWICK. Highfield Vegetarian Guest House, The Heads, offers beautiful views, good, exclusively vegetarian meals, comfort & friendly atmosphere. Broch., Mr & Mrs N. Lusby, VCA Mems. Tel. 508.

MIDHURST District. A charming old Manor house off the beaten track. 4 acres, own produce. Billiards, putting, croquet, licensed bar. Few vacancies for winter residence. Southdowns Hotel, Trotton, Nr Petersfield. Rogate 93.

RECUPERATION at Higham House in 53 beautiful acres. Comf., rest, exercise. Entirely vegetarian. Farm eggs and milk. Treatment if desired. Health lectures. Write for terms, broch., Higham Hse, Salehurst, Robertsbridge, Sussex. Robertsbridge 426.

BOOKS AND PUBLICATIONS

'MAN and Society', referred to by 'Critic' on 1 September is obtainable from the Albany Trust, 32 Shaftesbury Avenue, W1, 2s. 6d. post free.

'WHICH?'. September reports include Children's Shoes, Hair Driers, Discount Stores, Tape Recorders (No. 2). 'Which?' value-for-money reports on consumer goods, published monthly by the Consumers' Association, available on annual subscription only £1 to Dept. 6, 14 Buckingham Street, London, WC2.

AGENDA. A magazine devoted to publishing the best poetry now being written in English. Sept.-Oct. issue just published contains a long poem by Hugh MacDiarmid. Other poems by David Wright, Ronald Duncan, C. H. Sisson, Samuel Menashe and others. Price 1s. Subscription (12 issues) 10 shillings to the Editor, 5 Cranbourne Court, Albert Bridge Road, SW11.

AFTER Dinner Stories & Anecdotes, 2nd edition (over 150) post free 7s. 6d. from Missen, Badger's Hill, Tuddenham, Ipswich.

POETS! Unpublished? 'Breakthru'. Tomorrow's Verse. Completely new cooperative venture (October). Details: Eagle, Densbarn Farm, Lindfield, Sussex.

'THE Linguist', the language monthly for experts, amateurs and intelligent beginners. Specimen copy 1s. 6d. from: The Linguist (NS), 20 Grosvenor Place, SW1.

'CONGO Tribes and Parties'. Pamphlet on ethno-political background. RAI (NS), 21 Bedford Sq., WC1. 5s. 4d. p.f.

THE European Bookshop for foreign language books and periodicals now open at 127 Regent Street, W1.

NORTH London people seem to find the second-hand books they want at The Southwood Bookshop, 355 Archway Road, Highgate, N6 (oposite Highgate Underground station). Early closing Thursday.

SEND for Collet's new 'Library' List. Section (a) Dictionaries, grammars etc. (b) Scientific & Technical material. (c) Art, Literature, Humanities. Titles held in stock from USSR, Rumania, Bulgaria, Czechoslovakia, Poland, E. Germany & China. Sent free from Collet's Russian Bookshop (N20), 44/45 Museum St, London, WC1.

PERSONAL attention to overseas orders all types of books. Poole-Bickford, 22 Buckingham St, Strand, London, WC2.

THE High Hill Bookshop is now at No. 6 Hampstead High Street (6 doors below old premises) with more space and books. Approx. 2,250 paperback titles in stock. HAM. 2218.

BOOKS AND PUBLICATIONS—continued

LIBRARIES bought: politics, economics, world affairs. We collect. RIV. 6807. The Hammersmith Bookshop, London, W6.

GERMAN books bought & sold. Libris, 38a Boundary Rd, NW8. MAI. 3030.

ACCOMMODATION VACANT

ST JOHN'S Wood. S/c. furnished room & kitchen, 3 gns, suitable for man. Please write Box 5589.

FLAT, two friends, large house rural setting, 16 min. Victoria. Tel., garage, garden. Could be two bed-sits, own kitchen, 4 gns each. Box 5605.

WC1. Furn. lge, light, single room, 1st floor, incl. elec., £4 p.w. (ext. phone). Use lge kit., w.c., bath. Refs. Box 5649.

CONTEMPORARY furn. sunny, s/c. flat Georgian house. 3 rms, k., b., tel., frig. Pleas. sit. NW5 adj. Heath, bus stop. Long let 8 gns. Free 1 Oct. Box 5652.

HAMPSTEAD near Tube: self-contd newly conv. furn. flat. 2 rooms, bath, hot water, £7 7s. MAI. 4583 before 11 a.m.

BLOOMSBURY office, furn., lighted and heated, seeks writer tenant. Box 5654.

PLEASANT bed-sitting-rm, quiet Regency house, large garden. Breakfast. Easy access City, West End. HAM. 9125.

PROF. woman wtd share very nice flat opp. Park. Own room. BAT. 0254.

UNIVERSITY terms only. Furn. flat, 4-roomed, 45s. per week. W. Dulwich. Pref. married couple. GIP. 7120.

IDEAL pied-à-terre nr Olympia in 7th floor private mansion flat. One room, with own bath, w.c. Lift, c.h., c.h.w. Breakfast optional. £5 weekly. Box 5526.

BED-sit, plus breakfast in large flat, nr river. £3. PRO. 5104.

SUNNY single room, use kitchen, etc., h. & c. 6 mins Tube. MEA. 2424.

SW4. Avail. late Sept. Large comf. bed-sitter with kitchenette. Suit business lady. MAC. 5672 after 7 p.m.

LARGE single room, h. & c. water, concealed ckg facs, use bath & telephone. Nr underground. £3 p.w. HIG. 9444.

FROM Oct. Girl wtd to share sparsely furn. flat, NW3. 3 gns. Box 5524.

RENT-free room offered, primitive house Southfields, exch. minding 5 yr-old 3.30-6.30 during term. VAN. 8812 evenings.

FURNISHED bed-sitting room in lady's St John's Wood flat for professional woman, preferably away week-ends, or pied-à-terre. All facilities. Box 5696.

CLAPHAM Common. Pleasant divan rms fully furn. quiet house. 30s. and 40s. Business ladies only. Phone Thomas, Denham 2808. London dial code DE2/2808.

INTERNATIONAL Residential Club, 300 dble & sgle rooms, £4 10s. full board. 12 Parkhill Rd, East Croydon. CRO 2634.

WELL-furn. room for gent. Cent. htg. use of kit. Good district. BAY. 6090.

CORNISH cottage, Polruan, overlooking Fowey estuary. Long winter let, 2½ gns. Rogers, Ridgeway, Bryanston, Blandford.

ACCOMMODATION WANTED

YNG cple & sml daughter desperately req. furn. or p/furn. flat, end Sept./early Oct. at economic rent. No f. & f. but wd decorate. PRI. 4863 or Box 5665.

CAMBRIDGE grad. reqs room/flat furn./unfurn. WC1 or nearby. Box 5676.

RESEARCH psychologist seeks at least one room and kitchen in easy reach, preferably on foot, of University of London. Willing to decorate, give references, even pay rent regularly and in advance, if reasonable. Box 5456.

PIED à terre wanted by prof. man, spending two nights wkly in London (not wkends). Suggestions welcomed. Box 5546.

HOSPITAL Sister sks comf. s/c. f. flat, easy access Fulham Rd. Box 5547.

LONDON student seeks room. Limit £2 10s. weekly. Reigate 4602.

ARGENTINE Architect with English wife, three children and maid, on Fellowship for year, requires furnished house or flat, three bedrooms, convenient for West Central London. Write 60 Hillside, Banstead. Surrey.

INDIAN anthropologist and family (three children) spending teaching year in London, require modestly-priced accommodation. Phone BRI. 0501. Box 5552.

SKILLED gardener who paints, single, 38, seeks un/part-furnished studio/living accommodation, London area. Prepared to do part-time gardening. Box 5554.

WTD. Lge cheap rm Hampstd. Furn./unfurn., ckg facs, from Oct. Box 5559.

CAPABLE well-bred Spanish woman seeks free/part-free accomm. in exchange help weekends/evenings, etc. Box 5657.

BACH., 36, urg. reqs small furn. flat, Muswell Hill/Hampstead/Highgate, or would share with similar. Box 5600.

UNFURNISHED cottage wanted by author with wife & child. Longish lease at very low rental. Preferably either Cornwall or Western Highlands. Box 5501.

COURSES etc.—continued from p.368

TRAIN TO BECOME A TEACHER

A full-time non-residential 3-year course of training for teaching in primary schools is offered at Sidney Webb College in Westminster from September 1962, to men and women over the age of 25 who have at least five passes at GCE 'O' Level. Candidates with special qualifications and experience will be considered for a 2-year course of training.

In addition, there will be 2-year and 3-year courses for potential teachers of domestic subjects in secondary schools.

Normally, tuition will be free, travelling expenses will be paid and there will be maintenance and personal grants.

Applications from married women will receive special consideration.

Requests for further information and application forms should be made as soon as possible and addressed to The Principal, (FE.6/N/2519/9), Sidney Webb College, 130 Horseferry Rd, SW1.

MORLEY College, 61 Westminster Bridge Road, SE1. New Session opens 25 Sept. (Enrolment 5.30-8, 18-22 Sept.). Evening and daytime lectures and classes: Economics, Current Affairs, Archaeology, History of London, English Language & Literature, Philosophy, Psychology, Sociology, Comparative Religion, Science (inc. Chemistry, Microscopy, Ornithology, Astronomy), Music (Choirs, Orchestras, Recorders, Individual Tuition, Theory, Appreciation, etc.), Heraldry, Drawing & Painting, Modelling, Wood-Carving, Lino-Cutting & Wood-Engraving, Bookbinding, Italic Handwriting, Foreign Languages, Fencing, Ballet & Folk Dancing, Gymnastics, Chess. Theatre School. Opera Group. Social & Athletic Clubs, Library, Common & Games Rooms, Sports Ground. Fees from 21s. 6d. a year. Details from Secretary (WAT. 6872).

54 'Leisure-Time' Courses in Religions of the World, Philosophy, International Affairs, Parliament Weekly, Exploring England's Counties, Natural History, Gardening, Languages, History of London, Literature, Art, Music, Architecture, Italic Handwriting, Crafts, Photography, Travel, Woodwork (Men and Women), Canteen, Common Room and Library at the Mary Ward Centre, 9 Tavistock Place, WC1 (EUSton 1816). Courses commence Monday 25 Sept. Enrolment from Monday, 18 Sept. Syllabus on application to Registrar.

UNIVERSITY of London. Weekly University Extension Lectures on 'The Eighteenth Century – Age of Unreason?' (a study of William Blake, 20 lectures) at the Warburg Institute. Thursdays 6.30 p.m. Begins 5 Oct. Fee 25s. Explanatory leaflets from Deputy Director (Extension), Department of Extra-Mural Studies, University of London, Senate House, WC1.

GOLDERS Green & Hampstead WEA. Autumn Classes. Literature, Social Problems, Geology, 18th C. Life & Art, Britain Today, Music. Details from 42 Rotherwick Road, NW11. SPE. 5850.

HENDON WEA Winter Session, Hendon Public Library. Appreciation of Music, Art, Modern Drama, World Affairs and Architecture. Secretary, HENdon 7086.

MOVEMENT, Painting, Pottery, Sculpture. If you would like to join regular weekend courses in some of these, please write to Harold Cox, Art Centre, 89 Park Road, New Barnet.

MODERN Music and Drama, Know Your London, The Welfare State. Study groups now forming SW2. Box 5461.

EXPERIMENTAL Art. Artist, ARCA, proposes to start a course, 12-wkly meetings. Highgate. Please phone MOU. 3381.

DAVIES'S Training Course (evening) for prospective Teachers of English to Foreigners, 4 October to 6 December. Particulars from Davies's, 54 Hyde Park Gate, SW7. (KNIghtsbridge 6833).

TUITION by Post for GCE, Lond. Univ. Degrees, Diplomas, Law, Profess. exams. Mod. fees. Prosp. (mention exam.) from E. W Shaw Fletcher, CBE, LLB. Dept VH91, Wolsey Hall, Oxford. (Est. 1894).

INTENSIVE Secretarial Courses. Gregg & Pitman Shorthand. Frances King Secretarial School, 1a Harrington Road, London, SW7. KEN. 4771.

INTEGRATIVE approach to problems of external study & leisure learning: send card for details of group method Hon. Sec., Braziers, Ipsden, Oxon.

EVENING Drama School. Vacancies for term com. Sept. Complete course. No experience required. Mountview Theatre Club, 104 Crouch Hill, N8. (MOU. 5885).

COURSES etc.—continued

UNIVERSITY of London Institute of Education. Applications for admission in September 1962 to the undermentioned full-time courses should be made as soon as possible to: The Registrar, University of London Institute of Education, Malet Street, WC1, from whom further details may be obtained. The courses are intended for qualified teachers with not less than five years' experience; successful candidates will be eligible to apply for financial assistance as set out in the Ministry of Education Administrative Memorandum No. 11/61. Course in the Education of Children in the Junior School; Diploma in Child Development; Diploma in Religious Education; Diploma in the Content and Methods of Health Education; Diploma in the Education of Maladjusted Children; Diploma in the Teaching of Educationally Subnormal Children.

LANGUAGE Tuition Centre, School of Foreign Languages, School of English for Foreign Nationals, Students' Club, 26-32 Oxford Street. LANgham 1005. All foreign languages in day and evng classes or private lessons, beginners & all grades. Daily classes in English and prep. for Cambridge Univ. Certificates. Short or long courses. Enrolment daily. Prospectus free.

PORTUGUESE – Evening classes all levels begin 5 Oct. Apply: Luso-Brazilian Council, 2 Belgrave Sq., London, SW1.

INSTITUTO de España, 102 Eaton Square, SW1. Term commences 16 October. Classes and lectures on the Spanish language, literature and culture. Library of over 12,000 volumes. Courses at the Spanish universities. For detls apply Sec., BEL. 1485.

FRENCH Conversation Classes. Day, evening and lunch-time classes. Private lessons Beginners to Advanced; all with French teachers. Correspondence courses. Mentor, 11 Charing Cross Road, London, WC2 (opp. Garrick Theatre). (TRA. 2044).

SPANISH, Italian, French, German. Small classes for beginners, intermediate, and advanced. Pronunciation with tape recorders International Language Centre, 40 Shaftesbury Avenue, W1. GER. 9441.

GERMAN by retired LCC teacher. Write Miss S.N., 154 Westbourne Grove, W11

RUSSIAN. Beginners' 18-lesson postal course with individual tutorial help. £3. Write Director of Studies, Dept VH7, Wolsey Hall, Oxford (est. 1894).

COACHING for Russian 'O' and 'A' level examinations by qualified teacher. 'Phone HAM. 2477 after 6 p.m.

RUSSIAN Conversation Class. Tuesdays, 7 p.m., beginning 26 Sept. No beginners. Details and enrolment at SCR, 14 Kensington Sq., W8. (WES. 1571).

11+ New Courses using modern methods. Send for Free Guide and Tests. Thames Tutorial College (Dept N.S.1), 40 Russell Street, Reading.

SECRETARIAL Training especially for university graduates, and older students, six-month and intensive 14-week courses. Write Organising Secy, Davies's, 158 Holland Park Ave, W11. PARk 4654.

TOUCH-typing and/or Pitman's Shorthand. Private tuition. BAYswater 1786

EXPERT tuition in interpretation and technique of Pianoforte playing – Leschetizky Method. Tanya Polunin, LRAM, 46 Clarendon Rd, London, W11.

HIGHLY qualified piano teacher, former professor Vienna Conservatoire, accepts pupils. HENdon 9755.

SPANISH Guitar Lessons, Auth. Span. meth. Personal & class lessons by Len Williams. Apply free booklet cont. 'History of the Guitar', Spanish Guitar Centre, 36 Cranbourne St, WC2. COV. 0754.

BIBLE Study: Correspondence Course. Free on application to: Miss K. Walford, 37 Edith Street, West Bromwich.

PERSONAL

TWO graduates, Fine Arts & Psychology, tied to husbands London, well-travelled, typing, licensed drivers, teaching experience, seek any work. GRO. 1211.

TWO seats available car going to Frankfurt middle of October. Box 5609.

SOUTH of France. Winter let from 15 Oct., house, large painter's studio, living-room; sleep 4. Côte Maures, near St Tropez. Write Verspyck, Avenue Georges Mandel 54, Paris, 16.

WINTER in South: woman writer with large beautiful flat near Vence would take few guests from October. £3 p.w. single, £5 double, meals by arrangement. Car-owner could earn expenses. Box 5606.

ACTOR'S wife, 4 children, reqs resident domestic help. £3 10s. WIL. 7315.

PERSONAL—continued

LONDON home and salary offered to woman in exchange help slightly disabled mother with girl 4, boy 2. Girl at school mornings. Own room pleasant house with garden close Heath. Must be prepared to do children's sewing. Good daily help kept. Car driving an advantage. Please write giving telephone number if possible to Mrs David Holt, 2 Hampstead Hill Gdns, NW3.

LECTURER, research student, child, need unfurnished flat, any condition. Will decorate. Box 5623.

LAMBRETTA 150, Li '59. 11,000 miles. One owner. Many accessories. £80. Fair price from honest socialist. KEL. 7687.

WANTED urg.: plot ground to build home anywhere Sth England. Box 5687.

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ARNOLD Wesker's 'Chicken Soup with Barley', presented by the Cameo Players, is offered to fund-raising organisations for performance in October and November. Contact the Secretary, Mrs S. Morris, 23 Blackstone Road, NW2. (GLA. 0533).

ICA, 17 Dover St, W1. Entrance fee suspended during summer months, a few vacancies left. Special rates for teachers. Apply for details of week-end visit to Paris 13-15 October and full Autumn programme. Annual General Meeting for Members 19 September, 7 p.m. 17-18 Dover St, W1.

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ONE year later we're still eating on Yom Kippur and looking forward to getting to know you 24 Sept. Box 5645 for details.

THE Linguists' Club, London's International Centre, Niddry Lodge, Holland St, W8 (WES. 0989), & 20 Grosvenor Pla., SW1 (SLO. 9595), for conversn & tuition

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THEATRES

ARTS. TEM. 3334. Last perfs. 8.0, Sat. 5.0, 8.0. 'Lady Chatterley'. Members.

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MOUNTVIEW Theatre Club, 104 Crouch Hill, N8. MOU. 5885. 'The Entertainer', John Osborne. 18-23 Sept., 7.45. Mems. only. Membership 7s. 6d. per year.

ROYAL Court, SLO. 1745. Evgs 7.30. Thurs. & Sat. 2.30. Rex Harrison in 'August for the People'. Until 23 Sept.

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TOWER, N1. (CAN. 3475 9-6, CAN. 5111 6-8.30). Beckett's 'Endgame' 28-30 Sept. at 7.30.

UNITY. EUS. 5391. Last 3 perfs. Beer & Skittles! Com. Fri. 22 Sept. 7.45. 'The Recruiting Officer'. Book now. Members.

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CONCERTS

AN EILEEN Farrell Song Recital. With George Trovillo, pianist. Songs by Schubert, Schumann, Debussy and Poulenc. American Embassy Theatre, Upper Brook Street entrance, Thursday, 21 September at 12.30 p.m. Admission free.

'L'ELISIR D'Amore' by Gaetano Donizetti. A Voice of America recording of a recent broadcast performance by the Metropolitan Opera, with Elisabeth Soederstroem, Dino Formichini, Frank Guarrera, Fernando Corena and Mildred Allen. Conducted by Fausto Cleva. American Embassy Theatre, Upper Brook Street entrance, Tue., 19 September, at 6.30 p.m. Admission free.

ENTERTAINMENTS

ACADEMY (GER. 2981). Morning Shows daily 11 a.m. (ex. Suns). Mozart's 'Don Giovanni' (U) in col. Cond. Furtwangler.

EVERYMAN. HAM. 1525. Nouvelle Vague Survey: Until 17 Sept.: 'Les Quatre Cents Coups' (A). From 18 Sept.: Truffaut's 'Shoot the Pianist' (X).

DANCE. International Friendship League. Conway Hall, Red Lion Sq, WC1. Sat. 16 Sept. 7.30 p.m.-11 p.m. Tkts 4s. 6d.

CHINA'S 12th Anniversary Celebration. See Lectures and Meetings.

ENTERTAINMENTS—continued

HOLBORN Film Soc. 1961-2 season starts 1 Oct. with Paisa. Next 7 films: Fallen Idol, Come Back Africa, House of the Angel, Stars Look Down, High Noon, Pather Panchali, Orphée. Meets 1st Sun./3rd Tue. Oct.-Apr. Memb. (£1 full, 13s. 6d. Sun./Tue.) includes Assoc. Memb. Nat. Film Theatre. Partics Sec., Holborn Library, 32 Theobalds Rd, WC1. HOL. 2705.

ANOTHER SCR Garden Party. Meet Soviet tourists on Sat. 23 Sept., 3 p.m., 14 Kensington Square, W8. 2s. 6d. incl. refreshments.

EXHIBITIONS

BRIGHTON
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NATIONAL Exhibition of Children's Art, Royal Institute Galleries, 195 Piccadilly, London, W1. 10 a.m. to 7 p.m. Monday to Saturday, until 30 Sept. Adm. 1s. Children 6d. Organised by the Sunday Pictorial.

FINMAR'S exhibition of furniture designed by the Danish architect Borge Mogensen, MAA, and sculpture and painting by Svend Wiig Hansen. Art Federation Galleries, 6½ Suffolk Street, SW1. Daily 9 a.m. to 5.30 p.m., closing 29 September.

MAX Ernst: retrospective 1909-61. Arts Council exhibition. Tate Gallery. Till 15 Oct. Mon., Wed., Fri., Sat. 10-6, Tues., Thurs. 10-8; Sun. 2-6. Adm. 3s. 6d.

SENEFELDER Group. Arts Council Gallery, 4 St James's Square, SW1. Till 23 Sept. Mon., Wed., Fri., Sat. 10-6; Tues., Thurs. 10-8. Adm. 1s.

WOODSTOCK Gallery, 16 Woodstock St, W1. MAYfair 4419. Ronald Carpenter, David Tinker, Joe Rose: Paintings. 11-30 Sept. Daily 10-6, Sats 10-1.

QUEENSWOOD Gallery, 214 Archway Road, N6. Paintings by Ada Flatto, Sculpture by M. Pakenham Walsh. 10-5.30, Thurs. 10-1, Sat. 10-7.

MOLTON Gallery. Duncan: Paintings. 7-30 Sept. Daily 10-6, Sats 10-1. 44 South Molton St, W1. MAY. 2482.

MARLBOROUGH, 39 Old Bond St, W1. (HYD. 6195). 'Some Aspects of 20th Century Art', Dubuffet, Gris, Klee, Leger, Picasso, Pollock, de Stael, Moore, etc. Admission free. 10-5, Sats. 10-12.

WADDINGTON Galleries. Paintings: Jankel Adler. 10-6, Sats 10-1. 2 Cork St, W1.

WELLCOME Historical Medical Museum, The Wellcome Building, Euston Road, NW1. Portraits of Fellows of the Royal Society, 1660-1680. Electricity in the Service of Medicine and other exhibitions. Mon.-Fri. 10-5. Admission Free.

NUDES of Jean Straker – Photography 12-9. 5s. Visual Arts. 12 Soho Sq., W1.

STONEWARE pottery by Michael Casson and Victor Margrie at the Crafts Centre of Great Britain, 16/17 Hay Hill, Berkeley Square, W1, until 5 October. Mon. to Fri. 10-5. Sats 10-12.30. Admission free.

AT HEAL'S. Exciting, varied display of Scandinavian Rugs. Fourth floor until 20 Sept. 196 Tottenham Court Rd, W1.

HANOVER Gallery, 32a St George Street, W1. Anna Meyrson – Recent Paintings. Opens 21 September. Until 14 October. Daily 10-5.30, Sats 10-1.

WHITECHAPEL Art Gallery: Contemporary Art Society: An exhibition of recent acquisitions. Until 17 September. Weekdays 11-6; Sundays 2-6; closed Mondays. Adm free. Adjoins Aldgate East Stn.

EXHIBITIONS—continued

ICA, 17 Dover St, W1. 26 Young Sculptors. Until 7 October. Daily 10-6, Saturdays 10-1. Admission 1s. Members free. ICA Library Ulrico Schettini. Drawings.

ITALIAN Bronze Statuettes: 15th to 18th centuries. Arts Council exhibition. Victoria & Albert Museum. Till 1 Oct. Mon., Wed., Fri., Sat, 10-6; Tues., Thurs., 10-8. Sun., 2.30-6. Adm. 3s. 6d.

STANLEY Baxter opens Islington's Camden Passage Third open-air Art Exhibition at 11 a.m. tomorrow. Exhibition of 400 selected paintings, pottery, woodcarvings, open 16-23 Sept. 10-6 p.m. incl. Sunday. Near 'Angel' tube and buses.

CANALETTO Gallery, Little Venice, W9 (Tube: Warwick Avenue). Paintings by Charles Bone. Until 26 Sept. Every day including Sundays from 11-6 p.m.

ROLAND, Browse & Delbanco, 19 Cork Street, W1. Recent Paintings by Norman Adams and J. Bornfriend. Weekdays 10-5.30. Saturdays 10-1 p.m.

DRIAN Galleries, 5-7 Porchester Place, Marble Arch, W2. Until 30 September. Paintings by William Crozier. Sculptures by Brian Wall.

LCC Art Exhibition in the Royal Festival Hall from 20 September to 5 October. Features photographs and models of works of art and sculptures commissioned by the LCC for civic display. Open daily from 5.30 till 10 p.m. Artists and art-critics particularly welcome.

ZWEMMER'S, 26 Litchfield St, WC2. Paintings & drawings: Harold Cheesman.

NEW London Gallery. 17-18 Old Bond St, W1. 10-5, Saturdays 10-12. New London Situation. Until 27 Sept.

VISIT Upper Grosvenor Galleries. 19 Upper Grosvenor St, London, W1. Tel. HYD. 3091. Open 10 a.m. to 6 p.m. Sats 10-1 p.m. Old and Modern Masters.

ARTISTS of Fame and Promise Part II at the Leicester Galleries, Leicester Square. 10-5.30. Sats 10-1. Until 23 Sept.

LECTURES AND MEETINGS

CENTRAL London Fabian Society. Dingle Foot, MP, on Party Discipline. 7.30 p.m. Wed. 20 Sept., Conway Hall, Red Lion Sq, WC1. Visitors 2s. 6d.

CHINA'S 12th Anniversary Celebration. Artistes: John Neville, Reizenstein, Joshua Glazier, Steve Benbow, Philip Lewtas, Sheila Francis. Guest of Honour, Huan Hsiang, Chargé d'Affaires of the People's Repubic of China. St Pancras Town Hall, Sunday, 1 October 7.30 p.m. Tickets: 3s. 6d., 5s., 7s. 6d. All seats reserved. Apply Britain-China Friendship Association, 228 Gray's Inn Road, WC1.

MORE Big Meetings! Crossman (18 Sept.), Angus Wilson, K. Allsop, J. Braine, etc. East London Fabians at Toynbee Hall, E1. Details: Moonman, BIS. 9365.

MAPAM Open Forum – Sat. 16 Sept., 8 p.m. 'Israeli Democracy after the Knesset Elections' introduced by M. Oren and 'August Meeting of the World Jewish Congress in Geneva' introduced by I. Nathani. 37 Broadhurst Gdns, NW6. All welcome.

SHAW Society. Fri. 29 Sept. National Book League, Albemarle St, 7 p.m.

LISTENING Meeting. The 6th in this series will be held at Chelsea Old Church Hall, Embankment (buses 11, 19, 22, 39, 45, 49) at 7.30 on Tues. 26 September. Mr. Blyth Thompson, sixth generation South African, will speak to Anti-Apartheid badge-wearers and sympathisers, Dr Rachel Pinney will explain the nature & purpose of these Meetings. The Chair will be taken by Oswald Murray, South African Quaker, Liaison Officer Willesden International Friendship Council.

THE New Jewish Society – Wed. 20 September – No Meeting.

'ANXIETY & Muscle Tension', Dr Wilfred Barlow. Caxton Hall, Mon. 18 Sept. 7.30 2s. 6d. London Natural Health Soc. Details: 85 Stoneleigh Rd, Ilford.

LECTURES AND MEETINGS—continued

PUSHKIN Club, 24 Kensington Park Gardens, W11. PAR. 7696. Fri. 15 Sept. 8 p.m. Vera Traill and David Robinson: 'Moscow Film Festival 1961'.

REMINDER! Discussion Courses in Basic Economics and Social Philosophy begin at 177 Vauxhall Bridge Rd, SW1 on Tues & Thurs, 19 & 21 Sept. from 7 to 9 p.m. Nominal fee for the course 5s. Enrol on opening nights. For details of classes in other areas 'phone VIC. 4266.

PLANET Earth – Two films in the series on geophysical sciences, produced by the US National Academy of Sciences in conjunction with the International Geophysical Year. (1) Our Nearest Star and (2) The Flaming Sky. American Embassy Theatre, Upper Brook Street entrance, Thursday, 21 Sept., 6.30 p.m. Adm. free.

BUDDHIST Society, 58 Eccleston Sq, SW1. Public Lecture, Wed. 20 Sept. 6.30 p.m. 'The Blind One found the Jewel', Mrs M. Vaughan. Also Sat. 23 Sept. 3 p.m. Children's Class. Send 4s. for 'The Middle Way'. Enqs: TAT. 1313.

'STEPS to Self-Knowledge'. Public lecture. 17 Sept., 8 p.m. Free literature. S.a.e. ULT, 62 Queen's Gdns, W2.

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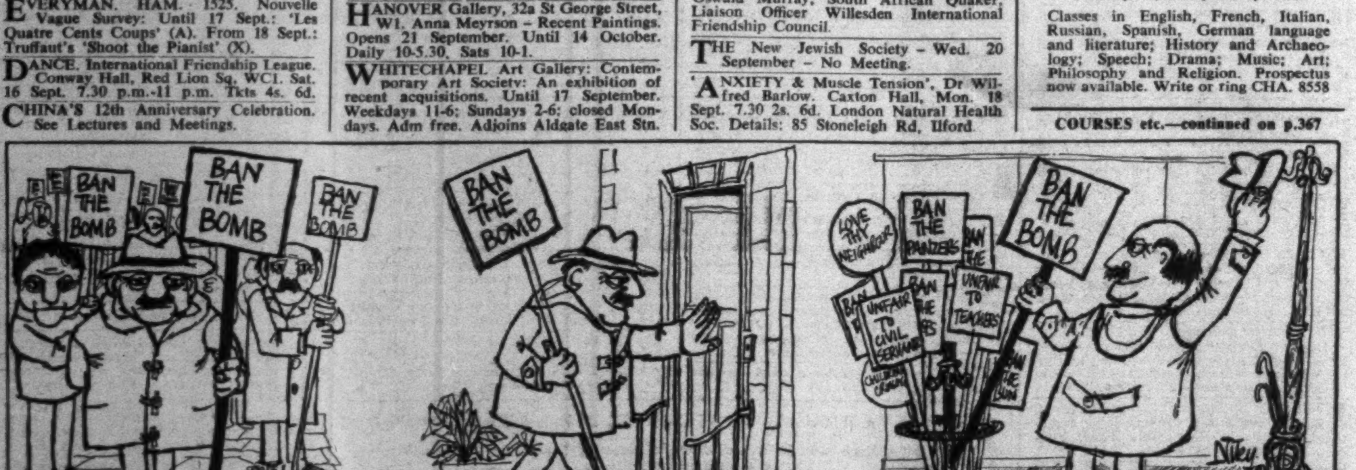
COURSES etc.—continued on p.367



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